The SPHERE

Vol. CXX. No. 1569 FEB. 15, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID
MAGNESIA

Trust Dinneford's

The regular use of Dinneford's Magnesia has been proved in thousands of cases, during the past hundred years, to afford relief in cases of Acidity of the Stomach, Rheumatic Gout, Gravel, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c., and is widely recommended by Doctors.

A mild, safe laxative for people of all ages. Solid or powdered magnesia is most dangerous to take as it is liable to form hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

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Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

OXO

A Protective Food

The Oxo habit promotes health and vigour which fortifies against cold, fatigue, and infection. Oxo provides *resistance*—it is what is called a *protective* food.

Highly appreciated in the Skies.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST EXTRA QUALITY — EXTRA DRY

Served by Air Union on the "Golden Ray" Aeroplanes.

The SUPER Brand Spinet-Oval CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

20 for 1/3
Pocket tin of 10 for 8d.

A GREAT WORK WITH A GREAT OBJECT.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Over **28,000 poor boys and girls** have been given a chance in life, and have been trained to become good and useful sons and daughters of the Empire.
10,000 Boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.
1,100 children are always being maintained.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED
to prevent curtailment of any Branch of the Society's Work.

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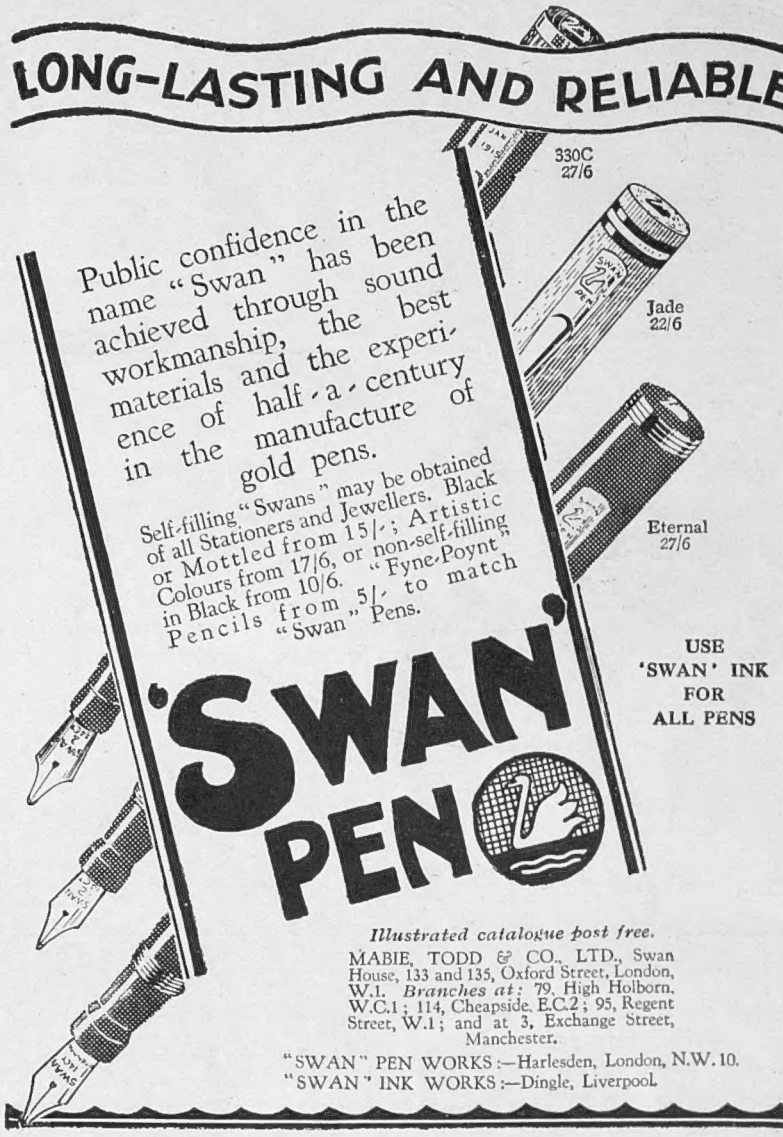
COVENT-GARDEN
(Just off the Strand), W.C.2

LONG-LASTING AND RELIABLE



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Self-filling "Swans" may be obtained of all Stationers and Jewellers. Black or Mottled from 15/-; Artistic Colours from 17/6, or non-self-filling in Black from 10/6. "Fyne-Poynt" Pencils from 5/- to match "Swan" Pens.

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USE 'SWAN' INK FOR ALL PENS

Illustrated catalogue post free.

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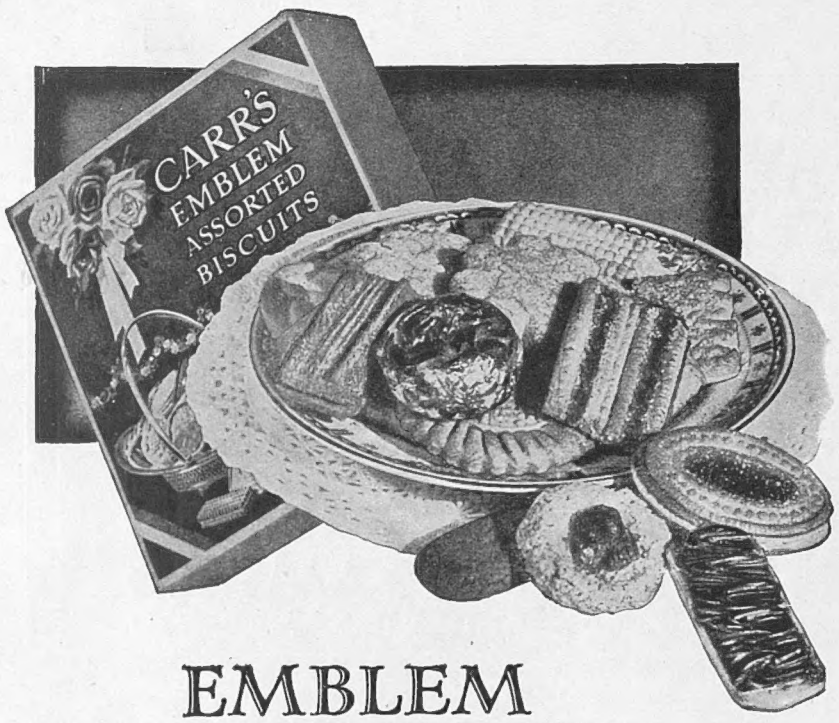
"SWAN" PEN WORKS:—Harlesden, London, N.W.10.
"SWAN" INK WORKS:—Dingle, Liverpool.



EMBLEM
ASSORTED BISCUITS

For variety this assortment is unique. There is a wonderful array of 18 different kinds to tempt the most jaded appetite. The flavour of the first biscuit you try is Good—the second one Better—and so on until you find yourself trying to anticipate the flavour of the next one you eat.

Made only by

CARR'S of CARLISLE

For Advertising People only

ARE YOU, as one engaged in advertising, whether with an advertiser, an advertising agency or a newspaper, helping the N.A.B.S.?

The N.A.B.S. was formed in 1913 under the ægis of the late Lord Northcliffe. In the sixteen years of its existence more than three thousand people, all of them directly or indirectly connected with advertising, have felt the benefit of its helping hand. The aged and the sick among advertising men and women, and the widows and orphans of advertising men, have never sought the Society's aid in vain. Advertising, like every other profession or business, has its percentage of people who through no fault of their own are brought down by illness or other kinds of misfortune.

There are at the present time 14 advertising people of over 70 years of age whose old age is being made comfortable by the N.A.B.S. Moreover, at the present time the N.A.B.S. is responsible for helping and in some cases educating, 12 girls and boys whose fathers when living were engaged in advertising.

Not every man and woman in the advertising business knows of this benevolent work. Consequently all do not subscribe to the funds of the N.A.B.S. If you are making your living out of advertising and are not at present subscribing, will you not to-day send a donation to the Hon. Treasurer? Any donation, however small, is welcome. If you are already subscribing, will you not get some friend in advertising who does not know of this work to send a donation?

The Annual Festival will be held at the Connaught Rooms on March 28th, when H.R.H. Prince George has graciously promised to speak. Sir Gomer Berry, Bt., will preside. The demand for tickets (12/6d. each) is sure to be big, so early application is urged.

N·A·B·S

NATIONAL ADVERTISING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

Registered under the Friendly Societies Act, 1896

13, Sergeants Inn, Fleet Street, E.C.4

SUPERIOR LINING

in your dress, business and sports suits will bring you better fit, better wear and greater comfort. Even the longest service cannot spoil the smoothness of a "Courtine" Lining—woven by Courtaulds. Your tailor can show you a choice of colours and grades to match any cloth. Ask your Tailor to show you

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

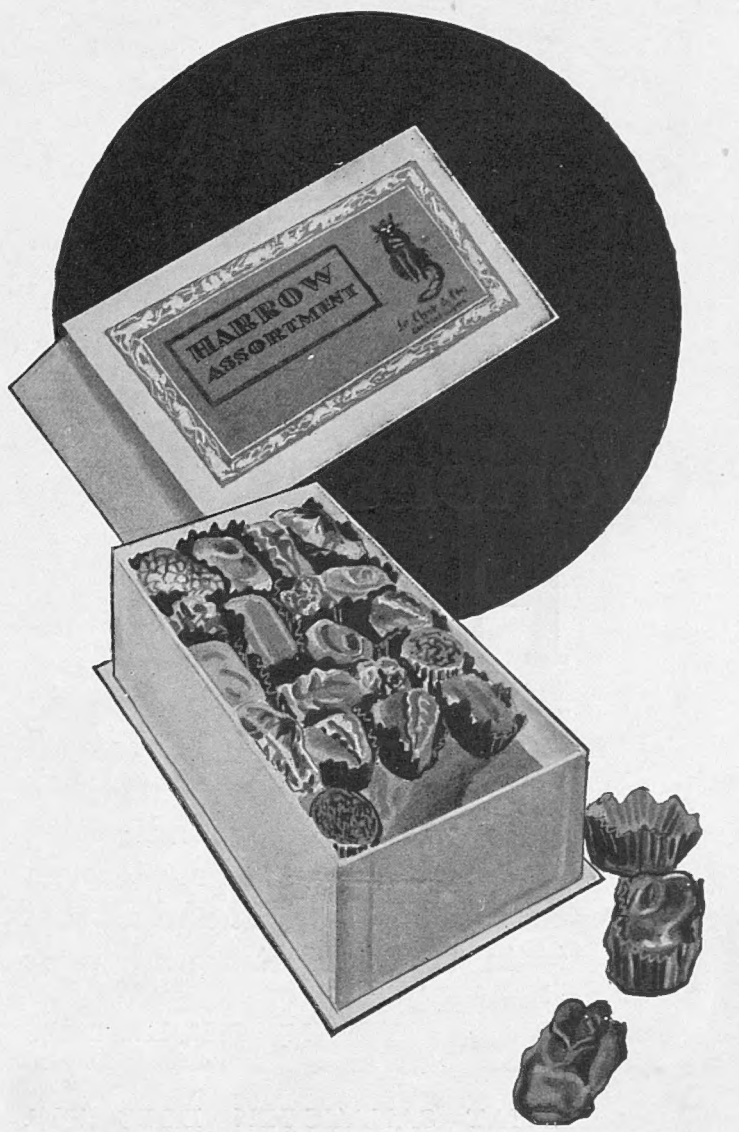
The name is on the selvedge.

If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write direct to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS, LTD., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1.

CHOCOLATS

Le Chat d'Or

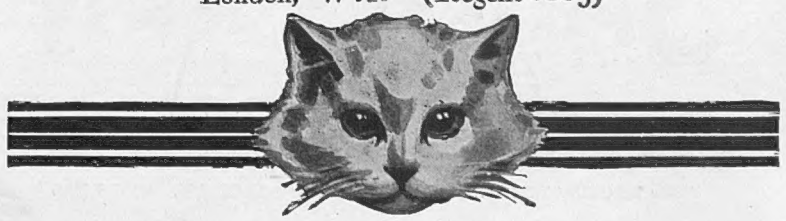
(GOLDEN CAT)



What rapture as you bite through the coating of your Chocolats Le Chat d'Or! What will it be? Nougat Montelimart or Malaga Dessert? Café Crème or Curaçao Cup? You recognise it, you revel in it—and the game continues. Not even Jove's nectar could tempt you once you have sampled the alluring contents of a box of CHOCOLATS LE CHAT D'OR

The Oxford and the Cambridge Assortments both at 5/- per lb. in 1, 2, and 4 lb. boxes. The Eton & Harrow both at 4/- per lb. packed similarly. ¶ Obtainable from over 2,000 of the best Confectioners, or sent direct, post paid, on receipt of P.O. Please name your usual Confectioner.

62 and 63 Burlington Arcade, London, W.1. (Regent 0203)



NESTING BOXES, BIRDS' BATHS

Have BLUE TITS instead of GREEN FLY in your GARDEN

NESTING BOXES

are intended for WILD BIRDS that build in holes. Provide the birds with lodgings and they will board themselves off your garden pests and give you constant entertainment with their pretty ways.

Price 5s. 6d. *Carriage Paid.*

Twin Cupid Birds' Bath A.37

Dia. 14½", Price 35/- *Carriage Paid.*

Catalogue (No. C.10) of Birds' Baths, Sundials, Vases, Nesting Boxes, etc., post free.

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(Sole Manufacturers for the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.)

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LIONEL EDWARDS.

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Glorious

Health

"It is years since I felt so well and happy. I was full of pain and depression through indigestion and nervousness, but now, through Sanatogen, the world and all that is in it is brighter and more cheerful."

Miss G. H., Long Eaton.

WHAT SANATOGEN DOES FOR OTHERS, IT WILL DO FOR YOU, TOO.

If you want to feel stronger, fresher, healthier—if you want to get rid of nerve weakness, listlessness, digestive troubles, then start a course of Sanatogen to-day.

Sanatogen will refresh, and revitalise your whole system in a few weeks, because it contains exactly the right proportion of those elements—phosphorus and albumin—that build up new health in your nerves, muscles and blood.

Give this famous nerve-strengthening food a trial. A 2/3 tin of Sanatogen now is an investment in Good Health.

Feel fit and fresh by taking

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

Obtainable at all Chemists

Made by GENATOSAN LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

VENICE ATHENS AND GALLIPOLI?

ALL THE COMFORT OF A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL ON A

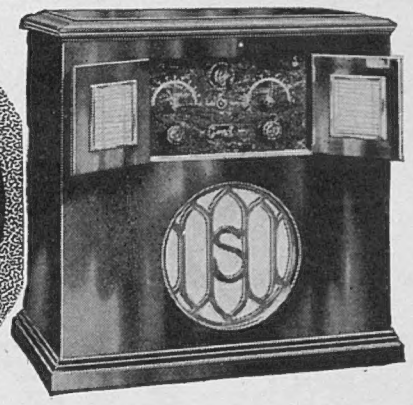
20,000 TON SHIP

NO COSTLY HOTELS OR LONG RAIL TRAVEL

See Illustrated Programme post free

Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & CO., LTD.
35, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

nothing so good has ever before been known



THE SELECTOR ALL-ELECTRIC RECEIVER

THE SELECTOR All-Electric set is in every respect a triumph. It is a long way ahead of contemporary design, and is, in fact, the ONLY all-electric set incorporating a moving coil loud speaker which can be carried from room to room at will.

The tone of this instrument is pure and clear. It gives full value to every inflection and idiosyncrasy of the human voice, both speaking and singing; it fortifies and enriches music while reproducing it with perfect fidelity.

All the important European stations have been "tuned in" at the factory, and their correct readings are given on a chart attached to the set. Any station can be obtained instantly by turning the controls to the chart reading. The volume can be reduced to "just a whisper," or made loud enough to fill a hall without blare or distortion.

The receiver will play anywhere on being connected to an electric lamp or wall socket furnishing A.C. current.

Catalogue No. S.R.5 free on request.

The Selector All-Electric receiver is built into a cabinet of selected mahogany of a rich pleasing colour. Unlike a number of all-electric receivers, it is entirely self-contained, requiring no aerial or earth wires or separate loud-speaker.

Price complete

55 GNS.

The famous SELECTOR PORTABLES

For those who prefer a portable set that can be carried anywhere—and plays anywhere—the Selector Attaché Case (in blue morocco leather) and Cabinet (in fine mahogany) Portables are recommended. Price, complete **32 Gns.**

Waterproof cover, 12/6 extra.

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THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXX. No. 1569 | Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } | London, February 15, 1930

Ewing Galloway

COWBOYS of the PUSZTA.

Elaborately-clad agricultural labourers of the great Hungarian Plain

Despite the apparent effeminacy of their attire, the labourers on the great Hungarian plain, the Puszta, are the sturdiest of peasants—real examples of that "bold peasantry, a nation's pride, which once destroyed can never be supplied," idolised by Goldsmith. Of Magyar stock, they have a superb national tradition which influences their every-day life far more than national traditions are wont to influence nationals. The Pusztas, or Great Plains, are largely grass land and were formerly devoted to the rearing of stock. Now they are one of the great wheat-producing regions of the Continent, Hungarian flour and wheat being ranked as amongst the finest in the world. In the drier portion of the Pusztas, horse-rearing is a great industry. The elaborate garments seen above are both typical and traditional. The discerning eye will note and appraise the stout trousers and boots beneath the ornate outer clothes. These men are natives of the community of Mezokovesd, a noted centre for embroidery, and in consequence they are even more exquisite in their picturesque dress than their neighbours.

A London News-Letter.

THREATENED BY FREE TRADE: A sugar-cane mammy from Barbados, which is jeopardised by the proposed repeal of the sugar duties

IN LEVEE DRESS: Lord Passfield (Mr. Sidney Webb) leaving St. James's Palace in an astounding mixture of costume—Court dress, no sword, an ordinary overcoat, and a topper instead of the conventional cocked hat

INVERESK HOUSE,
STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, February 12, 1930.

The King and the Winter.—The return of the King and Queen to London, with a long list of engagements awaiting Her Majesty, serves to remind us that all the prophets have been confounded in regard to the King's winter residence. We really are getting through the worst of the winter. The cold weather may still endure, but the power of the sun is beginning to be felt, and still the King remains master of the situation. The doctors six months ago were unanimous in regarding a trip abroad, or at the least a stay in some mild southern seaside resort, as absolutely necessary for the King's health this winter. But the King loves Sandringham—an icy spot when the East winds are blowing—and at Sandringham he has stayed; and his health continues to improve. He does not care for residence abroad and it is no doubt due to the astonishing mildness of the winter hitherto (with but four days on which a wind has blown from the East) that the courtesy title of "Regis" has not been bestowed on some other south coast township. And I doubt not that the best medicine the King can take is to live the life that suits him among his own people and surrounded by friendly and familiar sights.

North-easterly. — Now at last the taste of winter, so long anticipated, has come. And until you grow used to it and feel healthier for it, there is nothing much nastier in town and country than the boisterous north-easter tearing round street corners with a hint of snow in every squall. In London it blows the dust into your eyes; in the country the dust which a false spring has blown into your eyes is driven clean away. The birds cease their morning choruses, the primroses regret their presumption, the sap calls a halt, the gardener lays his spade away and retires to the woodshed to replenish the store of logs and firewood. If he knows anything of his job, he accepts the snow and frost with philosophy, knowing that from these evils good comes, and that without them spring and summer will lose half their charm and fullness. But every one of us is compelled to readjust his perspective; we are not yet on the threshold of the cricket season, the lawn tennis ground is not yet an urgent consideration. In a normal English year, winter starts about this time and not infrequently continues more or less relentlessly until May.

Church and State and Party.—Last week's events included three meetings which might fairly be considered of great constitutional importance: the Church Assembly accepting Archbishop Temple's provocative resolution, the meeting of the Conservative Party to hear Mr. Baldwin and to find a policy, and the House of Lords Session, which took a dignified and successful stand over the Dole Bill amendment. Archbishop Temple is neither reckless, nor unorthodox, nor lacking in discipline, as are some of his brother bishops. But he is a young and vigorous churchman, with a logical mind to which the present chaos and disorder in the relations of Church and State and in the Church itself are sheer torture. Mr. Baldwin is neither reckless nor unorthodox nor lacking in a sense of fair play. And he is not a young man like Archbishop Temple. Lord Salisbury, Lord Parmoor, and Mr. MacDonald exhibit the same traits in their different ways as Mr. Baldwin and the Archbishop. If you join these simple truths to the undoubted fact that none of the three constitutional problems implicated are at this moment apt or ready for a vital decision or to become the bones of sharp contention, you discover why three "first-class sensations" are likely to end in a puff of smoke. The bishops are feeling their way, collecting opinion, watching the wind-gauge, and their almost unanimous approval of a Commission is unlikely to hasten the crisis; the Conservative Party is collecting its shattered forces once more and has no desire to launch a political struggle by any knock-down declaration, and the Government has too much on its hands to deal with the Second Chamber, a problem which, the longer it is shelved, will grow harder to solve. And indeed the House of Lords should pray for its continued shelving, which of late has done it nothing but good. Last but not least, the Naval Conference is feeling its way like a short-sighted man in a cellar. A week of tremendous trifles.

The Lords' "Crisis."—It takes two to make a quarrel, and over the Time Limit Amendment neither Lords nor Commons, Government nor Opposition, were in aggressive mood. Lord Parmoor in effect told a sore and sensitive House of Peers that after all they were only there "to make suggestions," not to revise legislation. That tactless and illogical utterance could only act like a red rag to the mildest of bulls and Lord Salisbury very trenchantly pointed out the weakness and injustice of the Commons' policy of waiving privilege in the belief that the Lords would prove tractable and reaffirming privilege on the first show of opposition. In his position and with his training, Lord Parmoor must have felt that his brief was degrading and weak. I cannot help thinking that this political crisis, which is no crisis, has won many sympathisers to the view that an effective Second Chamber is vitally needed, and that the present chamber, with its limited powers, is far better than nothing at all, has been consistently underrated, and ought to receive more respect and encouragement. It and Lord Salisbury have at any rate won a gentle triumph. Indeed, substituting under present day conditions the Second Chamber for King Magnus, we have in Mr. Shaw's *Apple Cart* the most valuable political lesson, the most vital draughts of common sense, being daily driven down the throats of the bourgeoisie at the Queen's.

Festina lente.—I suppose that most of us have been surprised by the deliberation with which the delegates have got down to brass tacks. Few of us had any idea that the Conference would prove such a lengthy affair and that we should entertain for such a long visit our welcome guests from four nations. It is a comfort to know that the delegates' women-folk protest on all sides that they are being killed by hospitality. Certainly the first fortnight's "business done" opened our eyes to the intense difficulty in the way of a unanimous advance towards the vague ideal. If you merely list some of the obvious "points" which are daily being brought forward and discussed (on the subject of disarmament and world peace) at every intelligent dinner or breakfast table throughout this country, you begin to comprehend the reluctance to engage and to bind on the part of each Power's delegates.

Have Patience.—We are saying: Europe has thrashed out the broad issues of narrowing the causes of war, of reducing armaments by agreement, of settling disputes by arbitration, half-a-dozen times following great European struggles. Look at India and Egypt. Who can regard as remote the possibility of armed intervention being vitally necessary in those countries? Who has not felt a shock at the idea of our calmly accepting the principle of naval parity with the United States? For some years already public men, on whose judgment we rely, have strongly expressed their anxiety at the continual reduction of our armed forces. These are examples of obvious points seized on by keen amateurs in one of five countries. Each delegate - in - chief is drawn this way and that by a dozen loyalties, pulled back by warning hands, threatened by prophets in his own country, his own party, even in his own delegation. The difficulty in a nutshell is this: Does history ever cease to repeat itself? There is no one alive who can solve the question. Is the outlawry of war a practical ideal yet? Until it is answered, what steward in his master's absence will turn a fortified castle into an open manor house? In short we must have patience and not expect miracles, thankful at least that America and England are agreed on a clear gesture to encourage a further unanimous advance to the distant goal.

Sentimentalist Rule.—Your Socialist is the king of sentimentalists. The Government has more hundred per cent. sentimentalists in its ranks than any other Government in history. Sentimentalism is a first-class vote-catcher with such a vote register as ours is. The unhappy incident in Wandsworth Gaol will be quite enough to rally the sentimentalists to arms against the punishment of flogging, for the sentimentalist can only see one side of a picture, and the hiss of a lash drowns the groans of innocent victims bashed to a pulp by a brutal robber. The penalty of hard labour is rarely imposed unjustly or harshly, but Mr. Clynes intends to soften it down. Albeit crime is on the increase. Indeed, it is no time for sentiment. It is a vital moment for hard and impartial logic. If Labour enjoy a lengthy reign, what an England we can look forward to a decade hence. A bankrupt exchequer, a disintegrated empire, universal idleness, general lawlessness, and bread and circuses for the proletariat ad lib., pro tem. In short, the *Apple-Cart* harvest. For Mr. Bernard Shaw's phantasy of the future is the nightmare of to-day.

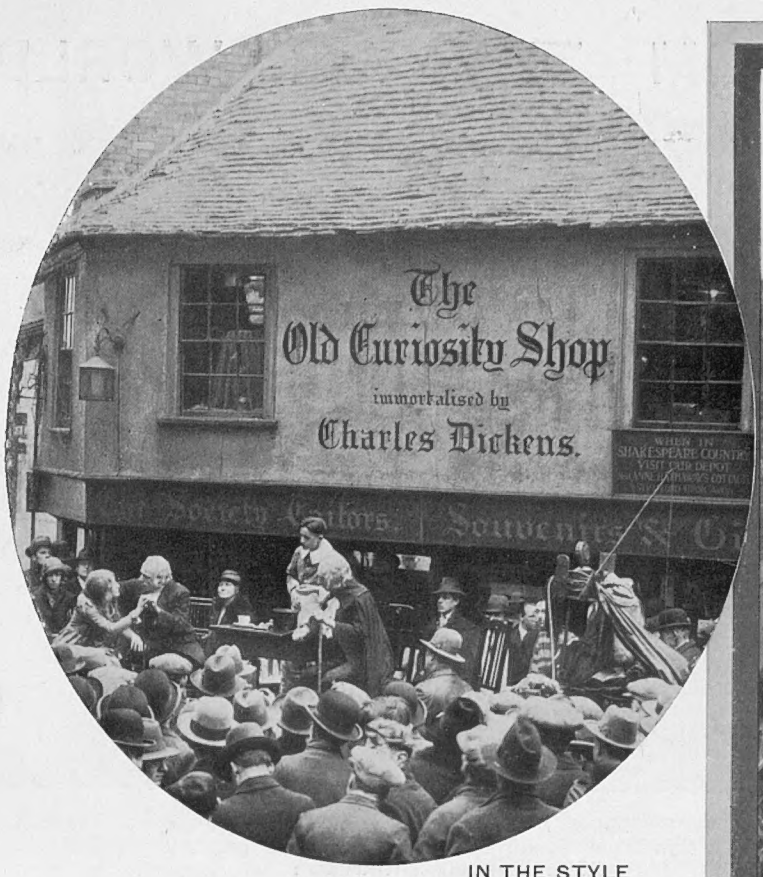
SEEKING A POLICY: Mr. Baldwin addresses the Conservative meeting at the Coliseum.

An Oxford Education.—Few men have adventured out from the sequestered glades of Oxford to better purpose than Sir Harold Hartley. When I was an undergraduate he was very much the pattern of the younger Oxford don of the day. He was a tutor at Balliol, conventionally scholarly in his talk, and he married very young one of the Master's (A. L. Smith's) charming daughters. But for the War he might have mellowed, like senior common-room port, in college precincts. But the War burst, and poison gas burst with it, and the Balliol Don, with a First Class in Natural Science, soon found himself a General in the British Army with several rows of British and Foreign decorations and a Joseph's coat of many coloured tabs. Thereafter commerce recognised his value and claimed more and more of his time, and as director of the Gas Light and Coke Company, and an obvious choice on Government Chemical Research Committees, he has had a busier life than the majority of Balliol tutors. And now he adds to his collection the Vice-Presidency of the L.M.S. It is satisfactory to Oxford men to know that his college proposes to retain him still.

Statistical Bombshells. — Another batch of statistics are coming out, providing for me my favourite food for reflection. Firstly, the bachelors of the Irish Free State. Only 20 per cent. of the population between the ages of twenty-five and thirty are married. In America the married percentage in that category is 65 per cent. (and I daresay most of them have been through it three or four times). What does it imply? Has the famous Irish colleen lost her appeal, has the light faded from those eyes that have set fire to a thousand poets? Or has the stage Irishman grown canny and prudent? It is a fact certainly that, though one woman in four remains unmarried in the Free State, the other three produce children enough for six of any other country. The figures are astonishing. The Irishman of course goes to America, for, according to the last return of income tax, in that country there are 40,000 millionaires, and "40,000 millionaires" seems to imply a reasonable opportunity of early marriage for a courageous youth and of early independence for a prudent youth. True, the American figures belong to the pre-slump period and I daresay the slump submerged 20,000 millionaires. But they will rise again. It's an exuberant country and even the slump returns might make an Irishman's mouth water.

Sport.—Sharp differences of opinion regarding the composition of a crew during training for the 'Varsity Boat Race are not without precedent, but the public seldom hears of them, and never before have the coaches resigned in a body. The Oxford coaches made that gesture last week not from malice but for the preservation of Oxford's excellent chance of "coming back" at last. It has happened more than once, by the way, that a president has for the good of his crew kicked himself out of the boat. I believe the quixotic Mr. L. E. Jones did so on the the ground that he upset the balance of power. Hendren generally celebrates his birthday in a practical way. Once more he has done so—in the West Indies—with a superb double century. Some people can't have too much of a good thing. Soccer is now played by electric light and the sun for years has failed to set on cricket. Tilden has been beaten in a singles by an Englishman—Peters. Good for Peters (and Tilden) but not a test case.

THE OLD STAGER.



IN THE STYLE OF THE MIRACLE PLAYS: The Dickensian Tabard Players act in a lorry in a City street

THE WEEK IN THE METROPOLIS

LONDON'S LATEST CARAVANSERAI: The site once occupied by Dorchester House will shortly be filled by an hotel destined to overtop even the Grosvenor (seen in the background)

LONDON PORT'S COAT OF ARMS: Mr. H. C. Fehr, the sculptor, puts the finishing touches to the Port of London Authority achievement, to be placed over the landing-stage of the new London Docks at Tilbury, where it will be seen by passengers arriving from all parts of the world

TREASURES OF JEWRY: Mr. S. M. Salomon, with Torah crowns from his collection, valued at £600,000, to be presented to Britain and housed in Jerusalem

NEWS FROM THE AIR WORLD:

PIONEERS OF THE AIR: Henry Farman; Santos Dumont, who first flew the Eiffel Tower; Louis Bleriot; and Gabriel Voisin—at the Issy-les-Moulineaux Airfield celebrations

EGYPT'S PREMIER AIRMAN: Mohamed Effendi Sidky, who flew from Berlin to Heliopolis, to be greeted with tremendous enthusiasm

M. Laurent Eynac, Air Minister of France, inaugurated the monument at Issy-les-Moulineaux Airfield to Farman, the first man to fly a kilometre in an enclosed circuit—an achievement effected in a Voisin machine. —— Egypt's leading airman, Mohamed Effendi Sidky, successfully flew last week from Berlin to Cairo.

SCIONS OF RULING HOUSES AT PLAY

ROYALTY ON THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE: The Crown Prince of Sweden at a ball in Stockholm held by a Swedish Order

A TRULY ROYAL WELCOME: The Prince and Princess of Piedmont welcomed back to Turin after their honeymoon on Capri

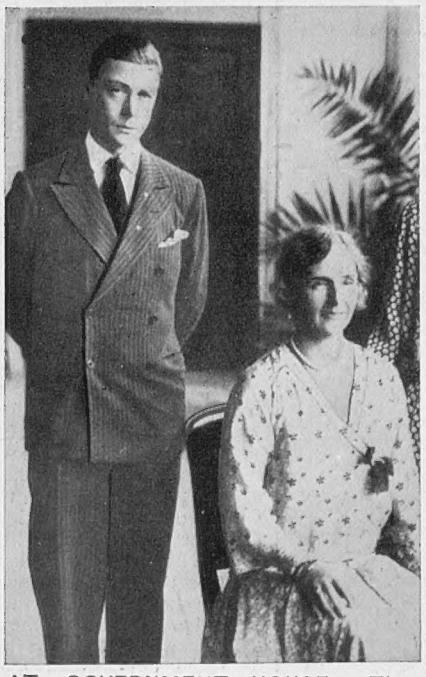
NEW YORK'S QUICK WAY WITH RIOTING

A RIOTING VICTIM: After a fracas with the police, an injured rioter's comrades bear him rapidly away lest he "split" (i.e. tell) on them

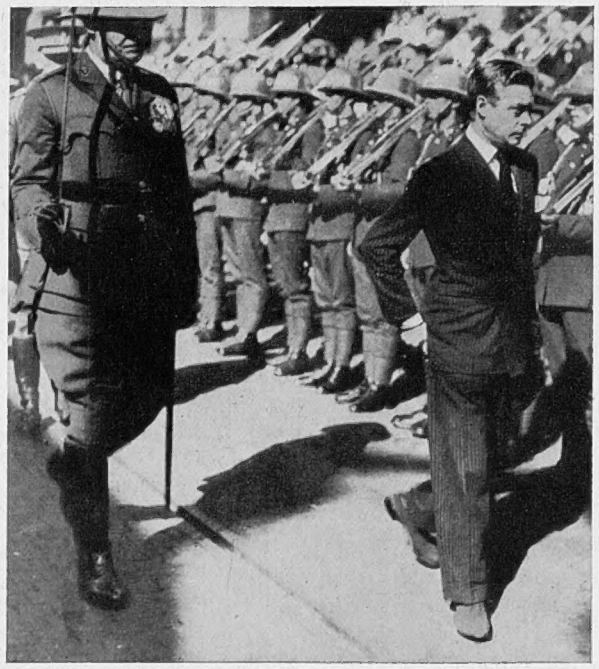
COMMUNISTS ON THE RUN: A Communist protest against police action at the City Hall, New York, was broken up by a charge of mounted and foot police armed with batons

New York Communists are very active at the moment. A clerk, Steve Katovis, was killed by the police and serious riots broke out in consequence. Broken heads abounded when a demonstration against "brutality" was quelled by a baton charge. One slogan exhibited read "We demand the five-day week"

: THE PRINCE AT THE EQUATOR

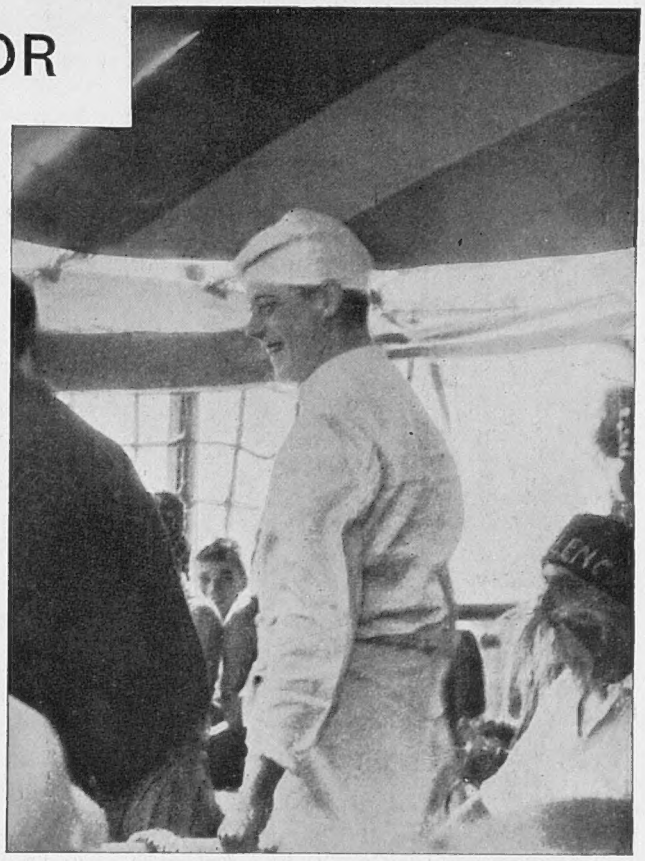


AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE: The Prince of Wales with Princess Alice at Cape Town



INSPECTION IN MUFTI: The Prince of Wales passing along the serried ranks of the Guard of Honour on his arrival at Cape Town

On his first crossing of the Equator the Prince of Wales, to the amazement of the world, underwent all the ragging, ducking, etc., that is the lot of those who first make the passage. As an old hand, H.R.H. got his own back on board the "Kenilworth Castle," where he played the part of Neptune's Barber. The Prince is resuming the trip so dramatically interrupted by the King's illness fifteen months ago.



GETTING HIS OWN BACK: The Prince of Wales acted as Neptune's Barber in the "crossing the line" ceremonies on board the "Kenilworth Castle"

SOME PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

BELGIUM'S BETTY: Princess Josephine Charlotte, daughter of the Crown Prince

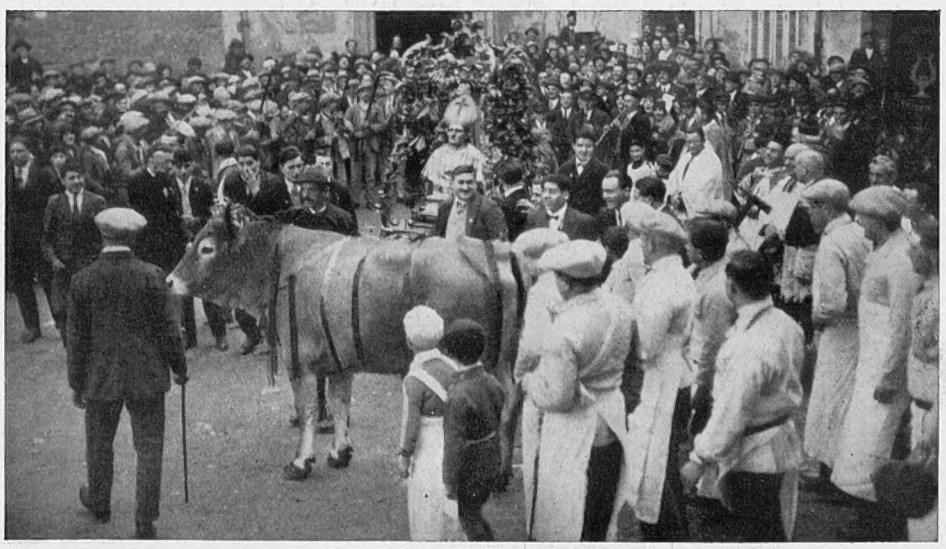
A CHINESE DIPLOMAT: Miss Yoeh Wang, daughter of the Foreign Minister of Cathay

AFTER A GERMAN TRIUMPH: Sir Thomas Beecham with Sir Horace Rumbold and Professor Feuchtwangler after Sir Thomas's concert at the Philharmonic

Miss Wang is a member of the party of Dr. Ping Ling, a graduate of the U.S. University of Stanford, the new Ambassador to Cuba

A LADY OF TRAGEDY: Mme Koutepoff, wife of the Russian General believed to have been kidnapped

THE BLESSING OF THE BEASTS



BLESSING THE OX: A curious old tradition revived in Marseilles. The statue of the butchers' patron, St. Manuel, was borne in procession and the fattest beast was blessed

St. Anthony's Day is celebrated in Rome by the blessing of animals. A large number of drovers and dog-owners took their stock to the Church of S. Eusebio recently.—On the Day of St. Manuel the fattest ox in Marseilles was slain

THE FRIENDS OF MAN: A scene outside the church of S. Eusebio on St. Anthony's Day, when the drivers of horses and owners of dogs bring their pets to be blessed

SLOWLY MAKING ITS WAY: *Terra Nova* forcing a passage through pack-ice

Admiral Byrd's "S.O.S."

A Companion of Scott on his Last Expedition Explains the Conditions which have Evoked Admiral Byrd's Cry for Help to the Great Whaling Vessels of the Norwegian Fishing Fleets

By HERBERT G. PONTING

THE MAN WHO FLEW TO THE POLE: Admiral Richard Byrd, whose expedition is in jeopardy

On January 23 a wireless message from Admiral Richard Byrd reported that his Expedition was in danger of being marooned in the Antarctic for another year, unless relief reached them within thirty days, as the conditions of the pack-ice were of such an unprecedented nature that his ship, the *City of New York*, was held up by a heavy belt, 200 miles wide, 500 miles distant from the base, through which it was impossible for the ship to force a way. The message also stated that food supplies were virtually exhausted and that several members of the party could not survive another winter. The United States State Department made an immediate appeal to the Norwegian Government for the assistance of Norwegian whaling vessels should such assistance prove to be necessary.

A further message from Admiral Byrd stated that the ice in the Ross Sea is far worse than it has ever been in all the history of Antarctic exploration, but that no ship that has followed the proper meridian of longitude has got stuck in the ice so late as the first week in February, and it would be extraordinary should this year be an exception to this rule, which has held good for thirty years. He added, "I think the chances are that the great ice will also open up this year, so we still hope to be taken off in our own ship, but should the 100 to 1 chance go against us and the *City of New York* get stuck, she might remain in the ice the whole winter. I should therefore be neglecting my duty to my men on the *City of New York* and here did I not obtain all possible assurance from the great whaling 'mother' ships that they can get our ship out of the ice. My action is simply an effort to guard against a possible eventuality."

A retrospective glance and some description of ice conditions in the Antarctic may be helpful to the better understanding of Admiral Byrd's anxiety about the predicament of his expedition.

From the time of Captain James Cook, who in 1775 was the first navigator to cross the Antarctic Circle in the *Resolution*, a sailing ship of 460 tons, every vessel that has gone into those regions has fought the polar ice with its own power, whether sail or steam, until in 1928 Commander Byrd, as he then was, established a precedent by having his ship convoyed to the Far South by the great 18,000-ton Norwegian "mother" whaling ship, the *C. A. Larsen*, which cast off the *City of New York*, after towing her for nearly 2,000 miles, seven and a half days of the voyage being through the northward drifting pack-ice, south of which Byrd found open water in the Ross Sea, which is a normal condition for that time of the year, December.

In December, 1928, the American Expedition established their base at the Bay of Whales, on the Great Ice Barrier, which was discovered by Sir James Ross in 1841, when he pioneered the way into these regions with two sailing-ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

The face of this Eighth Wonder of the World, which bars further progress to all ships beyond 77 deg. 40 sec. S., is a precipitous cliff of solid ice which varies from 60 to 250 ft. in height, and is about 400 miles in length from its eastern end of King Edward VII Land to the western end at Ross Island. This and other such great ice shelves around the continent are the birthplaces of thousands of icebergs which annually break away or "calve," as the geological term is, from the parent mass, and float out to sea.

The numerous large bergs and smaller bergs which are scattered over the Antarctic Seas at this season of the year, dangerous as they are when visibility is bad, are not the greatest menace to ships, for if a sharp look-out be kept, they can be seen and avoided. But there is no avoiding the "pack-ice." The sea freezes during the winter all round the Antarctic continent, which, with its permanent ice-shelves and glaciers is larger than Europe, and this ice-field extends for several hundred miles north of the land. The ice varies in thickness according to its age, i.e. whether it is a year old or more, and also whether it has been subjected to pressure and piled up, layer-upon-layer, and "re-cemented" by the frost. Year-old ice may be from 5 to 15-feet thick, but if the ice be old and has been subjected to pressure, it may be 30-feet thick or more, and in this sheet-ice the imprisoned jagged fragments of broken bergs are menacing obstacles which would penetrate a ship's bows if she were driven against them. Every spring this belt of ice becomes detached from the land and floats north of it. It gradually breaks up into closely-packed floes, which are known as "pack-ice," and the water lanes which separate this mosaic are termed "leads." So long as there are leads to break to, ships that are specially built for ice work can ram and split these ice-flows—the size and thickness of the flows which it is possible thus to part asunder being governed by the tonnage and horse-power of the ship.

But it is through the leads that one endeavours, if possible, to find a way. When steaming through pack-ice the navigating officer "cons" the ship from the "crow's nest" and he shouts his orders to the helmsman below. Great skill is necessary, for should the navigator fail to use good judgment, he may run the ship into some cul-de-sac from which it may take days to extricate her. Whilst ships constructed for this work can ram and break ice of considerable thickness, it is quite a different matter if it becomes necessary to go astern, for there is then grave danger of injury to the propeller-blades or the rudder.

Never-ceasing vigilance is required, for the character of the pack-ice

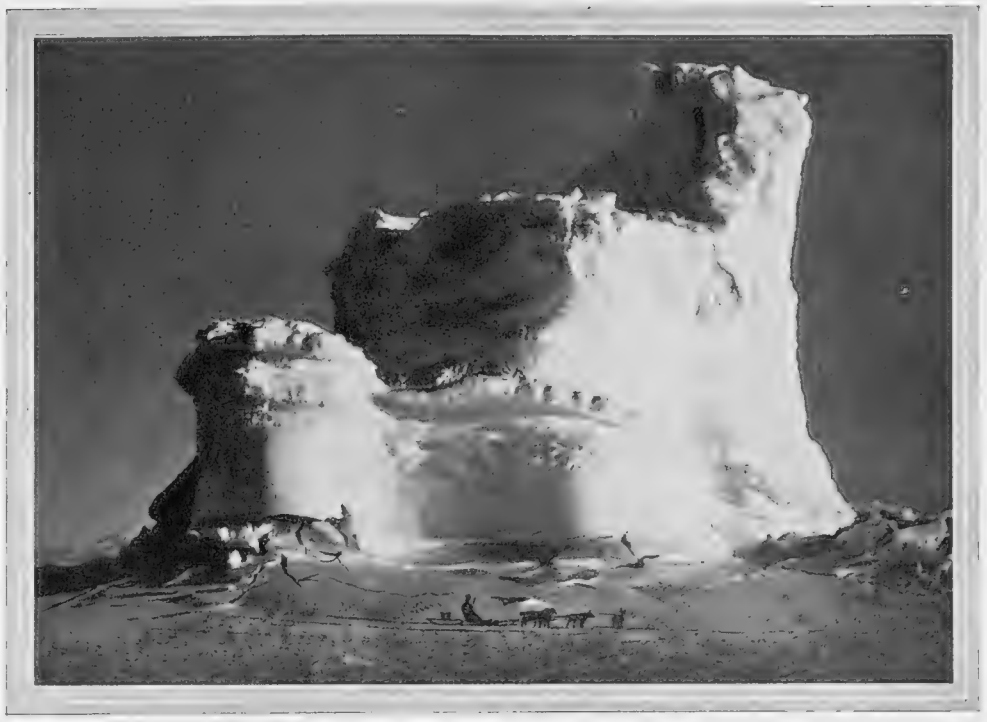
changes from hour to hour. And if large bergs were sighted weather conditions have also to be carefully watched, for should a squall come up, the area presented to the wind by such bergs is so great that they shear through the pack, cleaving a way through even heavy ice as though it were cream.

The submerged portion of many icebergs spreads out wide around them, and this acts as a ploughshare, turning over the sea-ice and throwing it upwards. These great bergs have such immense weight below water that when the wind and currents set them moving nothing but land can stop them. It is essential, therefore, to endeavour to manœuvre well to windward of them when in the pack-ice, for if the ship were stuck and an iceberg were to drift on to it, it would be crushed to splinters. The above are some of the dangers that have to be reckoned with by every explorer who would wrest the secrets of the Great White South.

The 200-mile-wide belt of *old* pack-ice which is reported to be confronting his relief ship may well be a matter of dismay to Admiral Byrd and his comrades on the Great Ice Barrier and to all aboard the ship, for the *City of New York* is a barque-rigged steamship of only 278 tons, which, as stated above, was towed through the ice on the southward journey by the great 18,000-ton Norwegian whaler, the *C. A. Larsen*. Taking into consideration, therefore, that such a small vessel can only break through comparatively thin ice, and is quite incapable of forcing a way through old and heavy ice; that the pack-ice this year has not been opened up and scattered by the summer gales (the seasons are, of course, reversed in those regions), and that the polar winter is approaching, it is not surprising that Admiral Byrd should feel anxiety lest his party may be marooned on the Great Ice Barrier for another year, which must inevitably be the case unless the *City of New York* or one of the whaling-ships is able to reach him.

But powerful as are the great mother whaling-vessels, even they could not force a passage through unbroken ice or re-frozen old pack-ice, and to attempt to do so, so late in the season, would be not only to risk the dangers above mentioned, but also that of being imprisoned for the winter, and perhaps crushed by the irresistible pressure of great masses of ice being forced against other masses, as was in 1916 the fate of Sir Ernest Shackleton's ship, the *Endurance*, in the Weddell Sea.

Though there be no precedent for such a wide belt of pack so far north at this season of the year, there is every reason to hope that the swell of stormy seas will yet break it up, as in past years it has always done earlier in the season.



A MOUNTAIN OF ICE: One of the huge bergs encountered by the Scott Expedition, 1910–13. Such vast masses of ice are a peril to the Byrd Expedition

The American Expedition's New York representative, Captain Railey, has later stated that while it was true that the Expedition was not fully equipped to spend another winter in the Antarctic, there was no immediate deficiency in the food supply; that there was ample fuel for heat and the operation of the wireless apparatus; that the men were not on reduced rations and there was no immediate prospect that they would be; that they were well clothed and comfortably housed, and that in extreme circumstances there was an adequate supply of whale, seal, and penguin which would sustain life.

It may to some extent also allay present anxiety to state that the *Terra Nova*, on her second voyage during Captain Scott's 1910–13 Expedition, did not leave Cape Evans, which is about the same latitude as Admiral Byrd's base on the great ice barrier until March 5, 1912, and that after passing through some heavy pack near Ross Island, no more ice was encountered on the homeward voyage to New Zealand.

NOTE.—*The latest news states that the relief ship has got through the pack-ice, which was shattered by severe storms with surprising rapidity.*

FRAMED IN A SETTING OF ICE: The *Terra Nova* in McMurdo Sound. If old pack-ice encompasses a ship she has little chance of getting clear from it

UNDER the OPEN SKY

Personalities in the Row and the New College and Magdalen Point-to-point Meeting at Addington

KEEPING WARM: The modern fashionable jack-boots worn at the New College and Magdalen Point-to-point Steeplechase by Mrs. Pierce, the former Lady Inverclyde, who before her marriage was Miss Olive Sainsbury

THE VICTIM OF A NASTY SPILL: Lord Dalmeny, who took a nasty toss at the New College and Magdalen Point-to-point meeting at Addington, with a friend

YOUNG ENGLAND IN THE ROW: Miss Ann Boughey, daughter of Sir George Boughey, chats to Miss Jeannie Bridgeman, daughter of Commander Bridgeman. Miss Jeannie has evidently established cordial relations (by means of a lump of sugar!) with her friend's pony

GOOD WOOD AT GOODWOOD: Under the hammer, but not yet the axe. A corner of the Goodwood Estate of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. 70,000 beech trees on this estate were sold in Chichester a few days ago for £45,000 to pay death duties

From the NILE to the RED SEA

across the Arabian Desert

THE ROUTE WHERE SHIPS OF THE DESERT WILL SHORTY BE REPLACED BY A MODERN RAILWAY

A MODERN CARAVAN: *The camel cavalcade is trekking from the Nile in Upper Egypt to the Red Sea, across the pitiless and eternal sand*

INSCRIBED IN PREHISTORIC DAYS: *The sandstone rock near the western entrance of the Wadi Hammamat, beneath which many caravans have rested*

On right:

SACRED WRITING: *An inscription to Amon Ra, Lord of the Thrones of Two Lands (Thebes), and Khrum, Lord of the Cataract*

A FAMOUS DESERT GORGE: *An impressive view of Wadi Hammamat, first mentioned in B.C. 2683, and a scene of great quarrying under Rameses IV*

An announcement appeared recently that the new railway to connect Kuft (the Coptos of the ancients) on the Nile in Upper Egypt, with Kosseir on the Red Sea, a distance of about 150 miles, is shortly to become a *fait accompli*. The desert route, through which the new railway will run, has been, from time immemorial, the chief caravan route between Upper Egypt and the Red Sea coast, and runs through the famous gorge of Wadi Hammamat, by which narrow defile many notable expeditions under the Pharaohs have passed. The first recorded mention of Wadi Hammamat takes one back to the 5th Dynasty when, about the year B.C. 2683, King Isesi opened up an important quarry there. The wadi is again mentioned for its hardstone during the Middle Kingdom (11th Dynasty) about B.C. 2100, and later it is recorded that King Rameses IV sent 9,000 men to work the stone there.

Amongst the great loose masses of rock which to-day strew the valley on either side may be found numbers of unfinished granite sarcophagi, shaped like gigantic baths, from which it is possible the wadi obtained its present name—the Valley of the Baths. Many of the living rocks bear designs and inscriptions of various dynasties and are of considerable archæological interest.—R. A. B.

SACRIFICE TO AN EGYPTIAN TRINITY: *A design depicting—on left, an Egyptian King sacrificing to three gods; on right, various other deities*

WHERE THE CARAVANS HAVE RESTED: *The well at the eastern end of the Wadi Hammamat, where the caravans water their beasts. A small sarcophagus is used as a trough*

Lady Drummond-HAY

writes on

An Intimate "Causerie" on Items of International Interest

WORLD AFFAIRS...

Above—*A PIONEER IN INDIA: Rai Sahib Harbilas Sarda who introducea the Bill Abolish'ng Child Marriage*

PERPETUATING A NOBLE LINE: Prince Takamatsu, brother of the Mikado, who has been given to the Arisugawa family to pay honour to their memory

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. — "Tea-cup diplomacy" and the public press are still very much at variance with one another at the end of the third week of the Naval Conference in London, because of the secrecy of conversations and negotiations—often over social cups of tea.

Some of the delegates are as impatient with the impatience of three hundred odd journalists as the latter are sharply critical of the Conference, and proceedings being conducted very much on the lines of the discredited pre-War secret diplomacy.

It is regrettable that the great Naval Conference should have made such a bad start, and quite unnecessarily too, with the public press, one of the immediate results of which were telegrams, especially from editors in America to their representatives, telling of decreasing public interest.

World press headquarters in St. James's Palace, with the very excellent arrangements and accommodations there made by Sir Arthur Willert and Mr. G. F. Steward, the British Foreign Office press officers, is the most interesting place of the Conference. Remarks I have heard there from veteran journalists of international fame about "tea-cup diplomacy" succeeding America's "shirt-sleeve diplomacy" and "dollar diplomacy" must make the ears of delegates tingle.

Mr. MacDonald's personal appeal to the assembled journalists in St. James's Palace to "bear with us for a while," and his astounding statement that secrecy was "in public interest" for the time being, failed to convince men who, from long and varied experience, have learned the ways of politicians the world over. Not any more convincing was the excuse that the room in which the main committee meets is too small to admit journalists. Sharp pressure of criticism in America caused Mr. Stimson, the American chief delegate, to offer to surrender three seats of his advisers to that number of American correspondents, thereby forcing a small breach in the walls of secrecy, and space has since been found for seventy-eight press representatives in that room.

As at other International Conferences I have attended in Europe, the French again demonstrated their superior knowledge of the psychology of press and journalists. M. André Tardieu, French Premier, is the only chief of delegation who considered it worth while, and relations with the press important enough to the interests of his country, personally to give his news to the correspondents.

The French government, of whatever political complexion, has followed a consistent policy of personal friendship and cordial relations with a select number of trustworthy foreign correspondents. It has conferred distinction with decorations on more journalists than any other government in Europe. It is natural that appreciation reacts to goodwill, and understandable that in the current of political news flowing from Paris there is a stronger tone of friendliness and sympathy than from any of the large capitals. That is not because of decorations conferred or in prospect, but simply the human element of personal contact and mutual appreciation.

Germany, Austria, Hungary, did not confer any decoration on a single one of the several brilliant neutral war correspondents assigned to that unpopular side. The Allies were liberal with such recognition. It is this greater valuation of personal relations with the press by M. Tardieu and M. Briand that has been strongly reflected in the news from the Naval Conference.

FRIEND OF BRITAIN: Ja'far Pasha who considers our tutelage the finest preparation for independence

ASPIRATION IN INDIA. —News from India that "more than a thousand child-marriages a day" are taking place there before the new Anti-Child Marriage Law goes into effect in April, is causing grievous disappointment to the friends of India in England and America. The passage of that Bill, introduced by Rai Sahib Harbilas Sarda, was received with almost world-satisfaction, especially in the two above-mentioned countries. It was regarded as evidence that the Indian peoples were beginning to awaken to the deleterious physical and moral effect of such marriages on the population, and to the realisation that they had much to do with the withholding of sympathy for the national ideals of self-government.

The most conservative estimate of the number of child-wives in India is between two and three million under the age of ten years. Wives and widows under five years old are said to number 218,000 and 15,000 respectively. But Mrs. Underhill, speaking at the Conference on Maternity and Child Welfare, made more spectacular claims. She alleges that there are 8,000,000 child-wives in India, and of that number 358,000 are under five, including 29,000 widows, condemned by custom never to remarry.

Rai Sahib Harbilas Sarda claims that the "gravity of the question will be realised when we remember that out of every thousand Hindu married women, 14 are under five years of age, 111 below ten, and 437 under fifteen years of age." Mr. S. N. Mallik, at the International Public Health Congress at Ghent, Belgium, alleged "over 300 out of every 1,000 children born in rural areas in India die before they are one year old, while in town areas their number rises to 600 or more per 1,000. Young mothers die to the extent of 100 out of every 1,000 between the ages of fifteen to twenty-five. In India it is not uncommon to find a girl of fifteen the mother of three children, and grandmother at the age of twenty-two.

Such reports from authoritative sources, supported by official statistics, cannot but shock civilisation. But recently there has been another and brighter aspect to this unhappy question. Many of the Indian rulers have launched campaigns against child-marriage in their own States. It would be grossly unjust to saddle India *en bloc*, or Indians *en masse*, with the crime and abuse of child-marriage. There are many enlightened and progressive Indians, rulers and private individuals, who are doing their honest best to remedy this age-old evil, and to raise their country, in this respect particularly, in the eyes of a critical and justly disapproving civilisation.

The Indian Nationalists have appealed to the Liberal elements of the western world for moral support of their political aspirations to be a self-governed nation. That support and sympathy, if accorded, is certain to have a bearing upon India's realisation or non-realisation of some of those political aims in the coming year.

These Liberal elements are, however, strongly and often adversely affected in their sympathy for India's national idea by two things—child marriage and the plight of the "Untouchables." Both these abuses will have to be abolished by Indians themselves before the Indian cause provokes constructive and practical sympathy in the country of the west.

ANCESTOR-WORSHIP. — Prince Nobuhito Takamatsu, younger brother of the Emperor of Japan, who married Miss Kikuko Togugawa a few days ago, is in the strange position of having been "adopted" by a subject family in order that the national tradition of ancestor-worship should not lapse and distress the departed.

Prince Takamatsu, third son of the Emperor Taisho, was named Teru-no-Miya, but in 1913 took the family name Takamatsu of the Arisugawa family by order of his Imperial father. This noble family was extinct, and there was no Arisugaw as remaining to worship at the ancestral altar. The Emperor's condescension was of the greatest significance to the Japanese people. It is no less touching to foreigners to learn that the sacred Mikado gave his son as heir, to a subject family so that the Prince might worship to the memory of their honour and loyalty.

Ancestor-worship, and with it the supreme importance of an heir, is part of the national tradition in China as well as in Japan.

Of China's 450,000,000, over 5 per cent. are adopted children. The reason for this curious fact is that no Chinese could die in peace unless he left behind on earth a son to offer sacrifices at the ancestral temple and to worship at his tomb.

Childless Chinese couples, or those with daughters only, invariably adopt a son, who is recognised by the laws of China. The adoption of an heir is usually a family affair, but in these modern days a commercial element is apt to creep into the most hallowed of traditions. Which was well illustrated by an advertisement in a Chinese newspaper a short while ago.

A young man, married, with a son and daughter, but bereaved of both his parents, owns a prosperous business, which requires more capital in order to increase its output. So he advertised through the "agony column" of a Shanghai Chinese newspaper that he was willing to be adopted, and to give filial satisfaction to "any aged and childless person" who would provide him with sufficient capital to extend the business.

"As a son," he writes, "I would benefit by the advice and instruction of an older person, and my prospective father would have a son to comfort him in his old age, so both would find the relationship profitable. I would be willing to accept a mother should a suitable old lady be moved to reply to this notice."

PAN-ISLAM.—A Federation of Arab States with sacred Damascus or Baghdad as the new Arab capital. Union between Palestine, Syria, Irak, Transjordania, later the Hedjaz, Yemen, and Egypt. Restoration of the Khalifate as a religious and non-political institution. These are the dreams, real if as yet inarticulate, which Pan-Arab leaders are confiding to me these days, admitting them as factors of inspiration in their fight for racial and national right and recognition.

Five years ago in besieged Damascus, half-razed by the French bombardment, when renewed battle reddened every sunset, Syrian revolutionary chiefs revealed to me their then secret aspirations.

To-day the petition of the Arab Executive and Supreme Moslem Council for a "Palestinian National Democratic Government," though aimed at the Balfour Declaration, is a milestone towards that same ideal, from which I believe Europe has nothing to fear. The principles of Islam, the greatest practical democracy the world has ever known, are fundamentally opposed to the Red principles of Bolshevism. A Pan-Arab Moslem *bloc* at the junction of east and west, from which it is absorbing modernisation and taking twentieth-century education and culture, would be more likely to face west, allied racially, than Buddhist or Confucian far east or Bolshevik Russia.

The world course is irrevocably set for racial and national self-expression and self-determination of peoples. Nothing now can still the universal cry for Freedom. If cataclysm at times seems inevitable it need not spell catastrophe.

From Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, to Syria, from the deserts of Irak and the minarets of holy Mecca, echo insistent demands for independence. Insistent but not sinister. I know the near east deeply and sympathetically. Resentment against the European I have found—as masters, not as men or neighbours. Peoples of the near east are more occidental than oriental. The problem of the near east must not be confused with problems of the far east and the Pacific.

British prestige is not questioned in the near east, nor is it harassed as in India and Asia. Ja'far Pasha el Askari, Irak Minister and twice Foreign Minister in Irak, told me the other day, "We realise that the tutelage of Britain is the best preparation for independence, and that Britain's friendship will be the most constructive prop for a future free and experimenting Irak."

Jamaal Husseini, of the Arab executive, ended a long conversation in my home recently by adding simply, "We come to England for justice." Time and again prominent Egyptian leaders have assured me of their conviction that the end of British interest in Egypt at this stage would be incalculably detrimental to the future of their country.

The SURVEY *of the* SPHERE.

Palm Beach Fashions and Pastimes: An American Art Printer in Paris: Miss Europe: Mexico's President Escapes Assassination: Ski-ing in the German Army: Mme Montessori's Fiftieth Anniversary

AMERICA'S RIVIERA: *A general view of the swimming pool at Breakers Beach, Palm Beach, Florida, whither a large proportion of the smart set treks in winter*

On left:
WALKING PYJAMAS: *Palm Beach, like the Lido, is productive of conventionally unconventional attire*

FRANCO-AMERICAN: *Miss Nancy Cunard, a social registrate of the U.S.A., who has opened a printing and colour lithography business in Paris*

THE GREEK GODDESS: *Mlle Alice Diplaraco, Greece's entry in the beauty competition, who has been elected Miss Europe*

UNDER FIRE: *President Rubio of Mexico, who, with his wife and niece, was wounded by an attempt at assassination recently*

On right:
MEN OF THE LONG SHOE: *Entrants in the Ski-Championships of the German Army wax their skis at Oberstdorf, S.W. Bavaria*

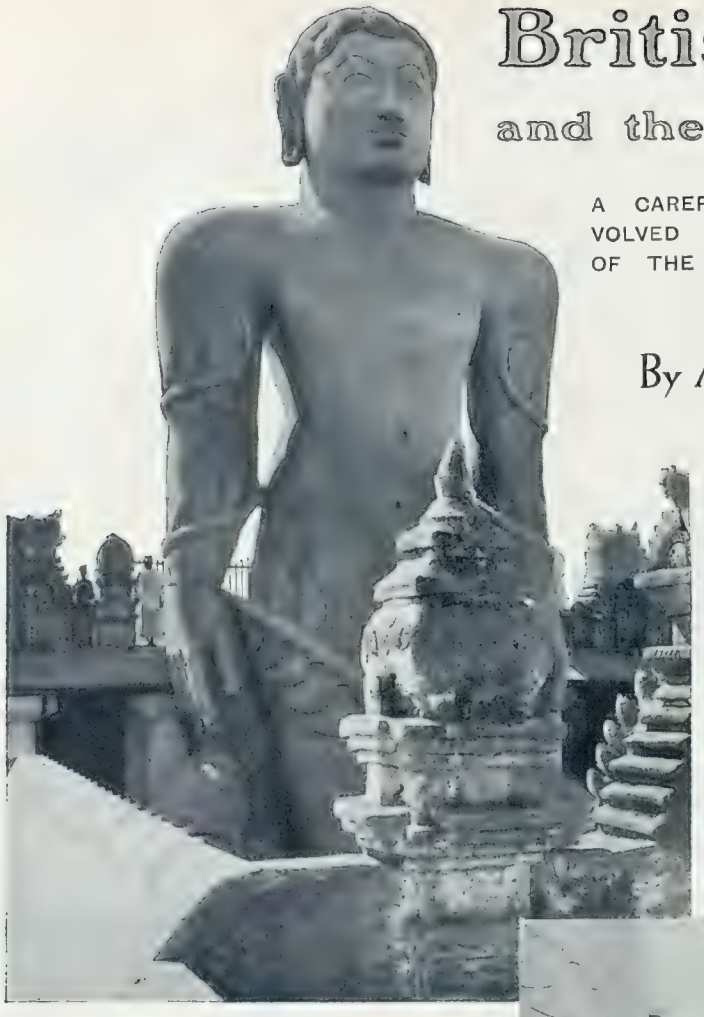
CELEBRATING A NOBLE THREE DECADES: *Mme Montessori's method of child education has been successful for thirty years. An international college has just been opened in Rome, attended by the Governor and the founder, seen above*

British India

and the Indian States

A CAREFUL ANALYSIS OF THE INVOLVED AND CONTRADICTORY AIMS OF THE PARTIES WHICH MUST BE RECONCILED

By Arthur R. SLATER



An Object of Worship: The huge monolith, 60 ft. high, at Sravana-belgola

The visit of the Viceroy of India last November to the Indian State of Mysore gave him an opportunity of studying at first hand the working of this model State, whose ruler has long been acknowledged as one of the ablest and most progressive in India. Mysore is about the size of Scotland, with a population of over 6,000,000, engaged for the most part in agriculture, though in recent years steady progress has been made in the development of industry. If all the Indian States kept up the high standard set by Mysore the political problem would not be serious, as it is, for both the British Parliament and the Indian Nationalists would be compelled to acknowledge that the political and social welfare of the subjects receive as great consideration as those in British India.

The State owes much of its present prosperity to the close connection with the British, especially to that period when British officials were solely responsible for government, and it says much for that training that now, when the whole administration is in the hands of Indian officials acting directly under the authority of the Maharaja, the standard should have been maintained. The loyalty of Mysore is a matter of history, and the happy relations that existed in the early days of the connection with the British have continued. In 1806 Arthur Wellesley wrote, in an official letter to the Governor-General: "The state in which this Government is to be found at this moment, the cordial and intimate union which exists between the Government of Mysore and the British authorities, and the important strength and real assistance which it has afforded to the British Government in all its recent difficulties, afford the strongest proof of the wisdom of the foundation on which those relations were laid." In the course of those relations the Government has marked its appreciation of the loyalty of the State by modifying the terms of the original treaty, and within the last three years the Viceroy was able to announce a remission of 11 lakhs in the annual subsidy paid by the Maharaja to the British Government.

In view of the importance of the question of the future relations between the Indian States and the Government of India, the attempt made by Mysore to provide a constitution that will meet the demands of the Nationalists on the one hand, and the British Parliament on the other, for a progressive and beneficent government, is of special interest to the Viceroy, whose guidance will be of the greatest value to the British Parliament in discussing the future. The problem may be looked at from three points of view.

The British Parliament recognises that it has a definite responsibility toward the people of the Indian States as well as those more directly under her rule in British India; and it sees the necessity of encouraging these rulers to follow a progressive policy in the administration of the State. Provided a State is making a reasonable attempt to do so, the policy of the Government is to interfere as little as possible. The Indian Princes have entered into definite agreements with the British, and no Government can wish to be anything but loyal to those agreements, and any change must naturally be with the consent of both parties.

At the Feet of his God: An Indian before the great idol at Sravana-belgola

The Indian Princes are desirous of maintaining their honoured position as feudatories of the King Emperor, and they will resent any attempt made to change that relationship. However estimable may be the men who are elected to the governing councils of British India, it is not difficult to see that these Princes, with their high sense of their noble lineage as descendants of kings whose history goes back to the beginning of Indian history, should look with disfavour on any scheme that makes them subject to any authority other than the King Emperor, through his Viceroy, with whom, up to the present, all relations have been carried on. Any attempt to bring about such a change as the extreme Nationalists are urging would meet with keen resentment from those who have always considered their direct relationship with the King Emperor an honour.

"A Stately Pleasure Dome": The gorgeous palace of the Maharaja of the most progressive of Indian States—Mysore

Typical of Indian Art: The carving of incredible delicacy and complexity on the walls of the temple at Somnatpur

On the other hand, the Indian Princes feel the necessity for a plan whereby the two parts of India can work on a common policy. At the present time the Indian States receive little benefit from the customs and other duties levied by the Government of India, though the subjects of the States have to bear their share of the burden. This is one of the adjustments being strongly urged.

There is, however, the point of view of a third party, the Nationalists. It is not generally realised that one-third of India is not subject to the government of British India, for the Indian States cover roughly this proportion of India as a whole. The Nationalists clearly see that so long as such a large part of India is outside its administration there cannot be any true unity of national life. Among the best of them there is a strong desire that the subjects of these Indian rulers shall enjoy the same political and other rights as their fellows under British rule. Up to the present the leaders of the Nationalists have not shown much tact in their efforts to influence the Princes, and the whole problem has been treated with too little consideration for their rights.

The Maharaja of Mysore, though not a member of the Chamber of Princes, has shown by his practical and sympathetic dealing with the question that much can be done by the Princes themselves to satisfy the demands of both the British Parliament and the Nationalists.

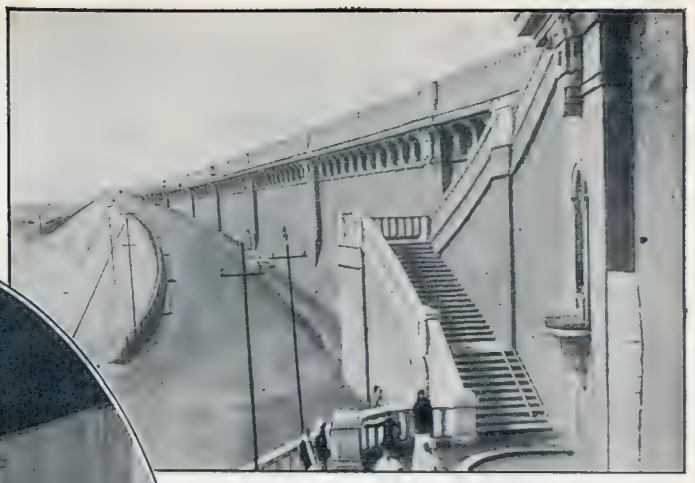
The ruler of Mysore retains his autocratic power and has the right to veto the proposals of the Councils, but so closely is he in touch with the feelings and aspirations of his subjects that it is seldom he is not able to meet their wishes.

Practically every subject, including the Budget, is brought before the Councils, and unless there is some very strong reason against their recommendtions are accepted and carried into effect. In the popular Assembly practically all the interests in the State, political, commercial, etc., are represented. An attempt has been made to mete out justice to all classes, even the depressed classes being given representation in the Councils, and in administrative offices.

One of the greatest sources of trouble in the State has been the preponderance of Brahmins in Government offices, practically all the higher offices being given to this caste. The situation was tackled with a firm hand, and this defect is being steadily remedied by carefully drawn-up regulations. The many Muhammadan subjects in the State make it necessary that care should be exercised so that this body should be fully represented.

Owing to the high personal character of the Maharaja, both Hindus and Muhammadans have lived peaceably together, for they have been conscious of the ruler's desire to be just to all classes.

On left—PROGRESS IN INDIA: The Krishna Raja Sagara Dam, now completed



BUILT BY INDIAN ENGINEERS: The Krishna Raja Sagara Dam which enables the Kaven to be used for irrigation purposes

INDIA'S MOST PROGRESSIVE NATIVE STATE

Vignettes of Mysore, which Enjoys the Rule of a Brilliant and Conscientious Monarch

THE FIRST POWER SCHEME IN ASIA: The hydro-electric works at Swasumudrum

Below

SET IN THE FRAGRANT FOREST: A tea factory in Mysore, South India

THRONED ON HIS IMPERIAL ELEPHANT: The Maharaja of Mysore prepares to start in a procession

NATURE HARNESSED: The Swasumudrum Falls

TYPICAL OF ITS CLASS: A conventional bungalow of the class owned by almost every coffee planter in Mysore

THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE: A presentation picture of the progressive ruler

Part 2 (conclusion)

Off the Track i

The hardships to man and beast involved by crossing the mountain fastnesses of Tibet

By W. BOSSHARD

STARK BEAUTY OF BARREN ROCK: A gulch in the Upper Karakasch Valley, where nature is seen at its grimmest and its most majestic

Srinagar to Leh and on to Tankse is an interesting road, as I found on my journey to the Karakorum with Dr. Trinkler's Chinese Turkestan Expedition, but every step beyond Tankse into the mountains to Kiam, with its sulphur spring, by yak caravan over 18,000 passes, becomes more and more adventurous and fascinating. After Kiam we had a series of misfortunes—illness amongst the coolies for one thing, and the loss of our ponies for another. The ponies slipped off in the night near the salt lake of Sirigh Jilganang Kul, where as far as I have been able to trace we were the first white men to investigate.

We knew that we had to stay now on the shores of this lake for at least another ten days, and there was every hope that our two sick companions might recover in the meantime. Abdul, a Peshawarwala with some Afghan blood, was after a few days able to take up his duty again. The other man, Ghulam Quadir, was apparently getting better too. But one evening on our return to camp the coolie who had to look after his comrade reported that he was worse than ever. We hurried to the tent, but it was too late; no human science could bring Chulan back to life again.

Next morning his fellow-countrymen who had not gone in search of the ponies buried Ghulam on the east shore of the lake.

During this stop we had time enough to study *à fond* the lake and its neighbourhood. Dr. Trinkler made a general survey of it, and discovered that the waters were fresh and not salty, as marked on the map. With regard to the latter, it lacks accuracy, and gives only a very rough idea of the landscape. At this time of the year the only tributary, as far as we could discover, was a river which had its source about two miles from the lake. Near a rocky red hill the ground waters came to the surface and cut a little valley through the sands of the old lake levels, changing the course very often, when an avalanche of debris of the former lake blocked the way. One needed not to be a scientist to see that the lake was in former days much bigger.

The Ice Age, of which this lake, as well as many others on the Tibetan plateaux is a witness, has left its mark in the landscape in the form of enormous dried river-beds, some of them being one mile and more wide. When the climate of the earth changed some millions of years ago, and the ice of the big glaciers began to melt, the waters formed lakes in every depression of the earth's surface until they could overflow somewhere and cut their way towards a deeper spot, in order to arrive eventually at the sea.

OASIS IN THE DESERT: The border of the route through the Sanju Oasis, Central Asia

TRANSPORT IN CHINESE TURKESTAN: Native carts which are employed for traffic between the oases of Central Asia

"FOOTPRINTS ON THE *ROCKS* OF TIME": The bed of the rapidly vanishing Lake Aksai Chin, on which the traces of the Ice Age are clearly discernible

After a stay of nearly three weeks the camp was broken up. We had lost one man, our riding ponies, and two yaks. The latter died probably of poisoned grain. During the first hour of the following day we lost two more yaks, which I had to shoot with my pistol. They were not the only ones. The march towards the Aksai Chin plateau, the utmost northern territories of the Kashmir State, remained well marked by boxes, saddles, and dead bodies of yaks. It was a terrible day, and in the evening, when we reached a river with little water and no grass, our caravan was considerably reduced. Seven yaks had died and twelve others looked very weak and ill. Prospects for the next few days were not very bright. The remaining yaks could not carry all the luggage, and we had to invent a new system of transport of our tents and stores. Only the most necessary things, such as tents, kitchen box, and beddings, were shifted the first day to the new camping ground; the rest was left behind and fetched during the next days. But by this way of travelling we made in three days an average of eight to ten miles, sometimes even less, when the animals had to get their rest. Would we ever arrive in Chinese Turkestan?

But seldom did the same number of yaks which had started in the morning reach the next camp. Every evening the question at arrival was, "How many are left?" And we were only too glad if the number of those lost were but two or three. It was a tragedy only to be realised by those who have been in a similar position.

For about ten days it went on. Our yak-caravan was reduced from thirty-one to seventeen animals; only the sheep carried their loads as content as ever before. They really were a great success; none of them had died since we had left Kiam, and even when there was little food and no water they did not give us any trouble at all. On September 12 our camp was near a fine spring. A broad valley opened towards the east; it looked like an enormous river or lake which ages ago had been fed by the waters of the snow and ice of the retiring glaciers. This was the valley described by Sir Aurel Stein in *Ruins of Desert Cathay;* it led to Lake Lighten.

We again left part of our luggage at the camping place near the Aksai Chin lake; the coolies had to carry their food for two weeks; the sheep were loaded with the maximum weight they could carry (30 to 38 lb.), and with a much reduced caravan we reached, on September 14, the southern shore of the Aksai Chin lake.

From the south we went westwards across the peninsula dividing the two branches of the lake.

The sheep caravan got on very well but the yaks were as slow as ever. Before we had reached the south branch of the lake trouble began again. Two of the animals lay down and refused to go any farther, even without loads. They were left behind; perhaps they would recover after a short rest and could be collected later on. The camp was put up on one of the old lake-levels; a grazing ground nearby gave ample food for the animals; only water was scarce.

a Narrative of Adventure the Karakorum: Where no White Man has trod

CERES OF TIBET: The goddess of the field and garden (Isis, Cybele, Demeter), in the Chinese Temple of Khargalik

The rivers and brooks marked on Sir Aurel Stein's maps had not a drop of water in them, and our main object for the following day was to find a camping ground with sufficient water. We decided, therefore, that two of us should go ahead of the caravan, and as soon as we had discovered the smallest brook or water pool inform Dr. Trinkler, who remained with the main body.

Shortly before nine o'clock I arrived on top of a pass, and to my great surprise and joy I could see through the field-glasses something like a stream of water partly covered with ice. I immediately wrote a few lines and sent my man back, indicating to him the direction he had to take in order to reach the caravan by the shortest route.

While I was waiting for his return I had ample time to climb a nearby peak from whence I could get a better view of the big plain stretched out about 1,500 ft. below my standpoint. Undoubtedly I was close to the salt marshes, and the question arose as to whether the water I could see was fresh or salty. But the Kun-lun mountains seemed so near that I felt sure water could be found, if not at the surface, at least by digging in the now dry river-beds. While waiting, dusk fell over the immense desert just when the lake came into sight again. Walking at 16,000 ft. became more and more tiring. I felt the fatigue more than ever, and the spaces between the resting-places became shorter and shorter. I had not the slightest idea what had happened to the caravan, nor in which direction my friends had gone. The only way out of this dilemma was to return to the previous camp and then follow the foot prints which the yaks must have left in the sand.

When the last sunbeam from the west slowly disappeared the whole country seemed to be changed into a fantastic dreamland. In vain did I search for any light which I was certain had been fixed near the camp. My few pistol-shots died away in the cold night air without reply. I sat down in order to wait for the moon, but in spite of being dead tired I could not let myself fall asleep. Soon after eleven I came across the marks left by the caravan in the sand. Now I could no more go astray; I only had to follow this well-marked road across the gravel. Never before did I realise how accurate the name of this plateau is—Aksai Chin, i.e. the white Chinese desert.

The camp was reached at four o'clock in the morning, after I had been on my legs for more than twenty-four hours. I fell on my camp-bed, dead-tired, at the verge of exhaustion, but unable to sleep for a long time on account of over-tiredness. Here was the camp, but no water, and the best thing was to move as quickly and as soon as possible.

The caravan started early in the morning in order to retreat by the north and east shores of the lake to the previous camp, where water and ice was in abundance. But it was too far away for our tired animals. About half-way the yaks refused to go any farther, the sheep ran with their heavy loads to the small grazing place nearby, and I had to fix the camp at the spot. When the water-place was reached afterwards we took stock again. During these last two days seven yaks were lost.

When we started again, on September 24, we had again reduced our luggage. Each of us carried only one change with him besides the bedding and the clothes he was wearing. Everything was loaded on the sheep; four of the remaining yaks had to carry ice; with this much reduced caravan we pushed towards the salt-marshes and the Khitai-Dawan pass. We camped in the evening of September 25 near the spot where Sir Aurel Stein had been some twenty years ago.

* * *

Towards noon of September 26 we left this desolate, depressing country, and turning northwards, came upon a large valley with an enormous alluvial fan. To our great surprise we found at the entrance to it some old way-marks, and we knew that we had reached the old trade route which once connected Khotan with Ladakh.

The old way became more and more visible while descending towards a big maidan covered with the refreshing green grass. The "maniwall," or something similar, gave further proof that we were on the regular trade route used a few decades ago.

FOUNDATIONS ABOVE GROUND: Trunks of poplars support the houses in the oasis of Duwa Bazaar

MANSIONS IN THE DESERT: A bird's-eye view of the dwellings of Khargalik, an oasis in the fastnesses of Asia

On October 4 we had started with only two yaks (the rest had died the day before), but a great surprise was waiting for us the same morning. Coming towards the few stone huts of a place called Somgul, where the river bends to the west and a short cut leads over a tiring pass, we noticed four yaks peacefully grazing in the bright morning sun. They did not run away on our approach; they greeted us with the usual grunt of their tame companions we had with us. In vain did we search the plain and the adjacent hills for any human being. Was it Providence who had sent us these animals? Who was the proprietor and where was he? The temptation to load them with part of our luggage was too big. They seemed to be used to travel, and joined our caravan willingly.

Great was the excitement when, towards ten o'clock, we discovered through the bushes some women in red cloth and white head-dresses. A few minutes later two men appeared and greeted us with their "Salaam aleikum." They were the first human beings we met after sixty-two days' journey across the inhospitable mountains and high plateaux. Great was their hospitality, greater their surprise to see three sahibs coming down this way from Ladakh, a road entirely unknown to them. Only the headman of the Khirgiz colony remembered that about twenty years ago, when he was young, another sahib had come this way with frozen toes—Sir Aurel Stein.

Of the 108 animals which we had on our start at Pobrang, fifty-five sheep and only one yak were the survivors.

We stayed for about one week at Suget Karaul, and followed in the middle of October the road down the Karakash valley and over the Sanju Pass. With our arrival at Yarkand the first part of our journey had come to an end.

[END]

THE GODDESS OF MOTHERHOOD: A Chinese goddess in the shrine at Khargalik reminiscent in form of a *pieta*

NOCTURNE OF THE THAMES: *A Whistleresque study in winter*

NIPPING THE "NIPPIES": *Messrs. Lyons give a free manicure to their waitresses*

A MARINE TALISMAN: *The model that hangs in the Danish Seamen's Church, West India Dock Road, protects sailors from bad weather and shrives them*

DICKENS BROUGHT TO LIFE: *The "Old Curiosity Shop" in Portsmouth Street, where the Dickensian Players acted. Above: Trent, Swiveller, Grandfather, Nell, and Quilp*

On left—FROM FOUR TO THIRTEEN: *Children at the Canal Boatmen's Institute School, Brentford. Children of all ages receive identical instruction*

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Random Glimpses of Life in the Metropolis

THE APPEAL FOR PEACE: *Women of twenty-six nations present a petition to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to abolish battleships*

WHAT A SCREAM! *The Serpentine, London's freshwater and inland sea, a-flutter with gulls, driven inland by the icy weather*

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G.E. 87

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d

The GREAT CATS PAINTED in t

The Art of Mr. J. C. Dollman Exemplified
Tiger, and Leopard—the Trio of Masters

THE THOROUGHBRED: A glorious tiger couched at full length. Their ferocity is extreme, and in the circus of Imperial Rome a match between a fine lion and even a poor specimen of tiger almost always resulted in a victory for the latter

LEOPARD COUCHANT AND SEJANT: Those who have read *Just-So Stories* can never see a leopard without recalling that his spots were designed to enable him to conceal himself—a function they admirably fulfil

There is no doubt that the great felines are our finest animals. The dignity, grace and powerful personality of these noble creatures are qualities which are not combined in any other species of our quadrupeds. There are many which are greater in size and which are endowed with one or more of these attributes, but in no other instance is such a combination found, to which their highly developed intelligence is an additional feature. The lion has been unanimously elected king above all beasts, and the impressive character of his head and countenance thoroughly warrant such election. His expression of self-confidence and fearlessness need not be alluded to, for they

heir NATURAL ENVIRONMENT.

n Four Characteristic Canvases Showing Lion,
of the Cat Tribe—at their Most Imposing

THE ACME OF CRUELTY: Leopard, perhaps the most graceful in movement of any of the cat tribe, is dreaded by all but the giants of the jungle. His mode of attack is to drop or spring on to the nape of the neck of his victim

THE KING OF BEASTS: A striking study of a lion in all his majesty. Despite his heaviness of build his majesty is incredibly swift in action. The blow of a lion's paw is ranked the third most powerful smite in the animal kingdom

are apparent at sight, and these are supported by his magnificent action in swift and noiseless movement. He is the personification of strength and activity, and formed exactly for the life he leads. The tiger, as the second of the great cats in the matter of simple grace, is superior in form to the lion which, by comparison, appears rugged and coarse in construction. The leopard is the third of the big felines and is a most fascinating creature in appearance but inferior in all respects, save that of colour, to his peers. But there is an element of furtive cruelty about the creature which forbids all affection for him as a dignified personality.

J. C. D.

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SHEPHERD KINGS AND WANDERING SHEEP

Sheila Kaye-Smith, "Ephesian," Jabotinsky and others

The New Testament has a perennial fascination for a certain kind of serious writer, and the story of Jesus has been told many times, without ever adding very much of vividness or anything else to the familiar narratives of the Evangelists. The Old Testament attracts writers more rarely, and few good books could be made out of it so long as the pious and literal habit of mind persisted among us. As soon as that had gone, as soon as people gave up attempting to wring Christian morals out of very savage lives, there was an immediate opening for imaginative writing. The problem of the Jews is such a fascinating one, and of such continued interest, that any attempt to place them in a proper historical perspective is worthy of patient hearing. The one rule is that there must be no miracles.

Curiously enough, two Old Testament novels have appeared almost simultaneously, and both have considerable merit, including the merit of obeying our primary rule. "Ephesian" (C. E. Bechhofer Roberts), in *The Coat of Many Colours*, retells the story of Joseph; Vladimir Jabotinsky that of *Samson the Nazarite.*

Samson is a schoolboy's hero, and in more mature hands has degenerated into a symbol of feminine treachery, a warning against foreign wives. Milton used him as an excuse for some of the most sonorous poetry in the English language. The tragic approach is perhaps no longer possible, although the story itself is tragic enough. The present writer, a Russian Jew, has wisely decided on the naturalistic method, and he is completely free from that sentimental attitude to the Jews which is one of the oddest traits of the English character. The Jews are the Chosen People because they themselves chose to be so, and if any race wants a better guarantee of persistence than that, I don't know what it is.

The author has no illusions about the level of civilization among the Tribes 3,500 years ago. It was the Philistines who were civilized, even a little over-civilized, and it is the cruellest irony of fortune that their name should have come to mean the very opposite of their most evident characteristics. Their tolerance, their good humour, their sporting aititude towards the notorious brigand Samson, are shown in the happiest light, while the Israelites wrangle like half-starved jackals over a bone. Samson loves Philistia, but he sees that its nobles are living on the achievements of the past. The Jews are hungry for the future and they are hungry still. Such hunger is but another name for the Life-force, and it can only be checked by a hunger as great as its own.

The present study is the result of much learning and does not a little to clarify a very obscure fragment of history. Such a book would have been a very happy companion for anyone of an imaginative turn in General Allenby's army.

Raphael

"EPHESIAN," alias Mr. C. E. Bechhofer Roberts, whose tale of Joseph is admirably told

Incidentally, a very good picture (drawn and written) of the whole area is to be found in C. E. Hughes' *Above and Reyond Palestine*, which is an account of the East Indies and Egypt Seaplane Squadron from 1916 to 1918. After all the years we spent as children over biblical history we know disgracefully little of the countries in which the events took place. The author of *The Coat of Many Colours* very generously provides two maps.

In their secret hearts not many people are very fond of Joseph. He is too compact of all the profitable virtues, with a great deal of the schemer and not a little of the prig. The author has avoided the temptation to make him out as a philanthropic banker of the Victorian era, and has succeeded in making him human, almost (in his cold way) likeable, although less likeable than Pharaoh and a great deal less so than Potiphar.

The primitive squalor of Jacob's household is well sketched and the character of Joseph's brethren nicely differentiated. Joseph is duly sold into slavery, and by industry, sobriety, and a little well-timed tale-bearing soon contrived to set himself on the road to prosperity. He is by no means the only Jew in Egypt, and racial solidarity gives him his first big chance. The adventure with Potiphar's wife is handled with commendable discretion and without the sneer which a Latin writer could hardly have avoided. The dreams and their interpretation are treated as instances of Joseph's native astuteness rather than supernatural inspiration. Joseph begins his famous feat of cornering corn.

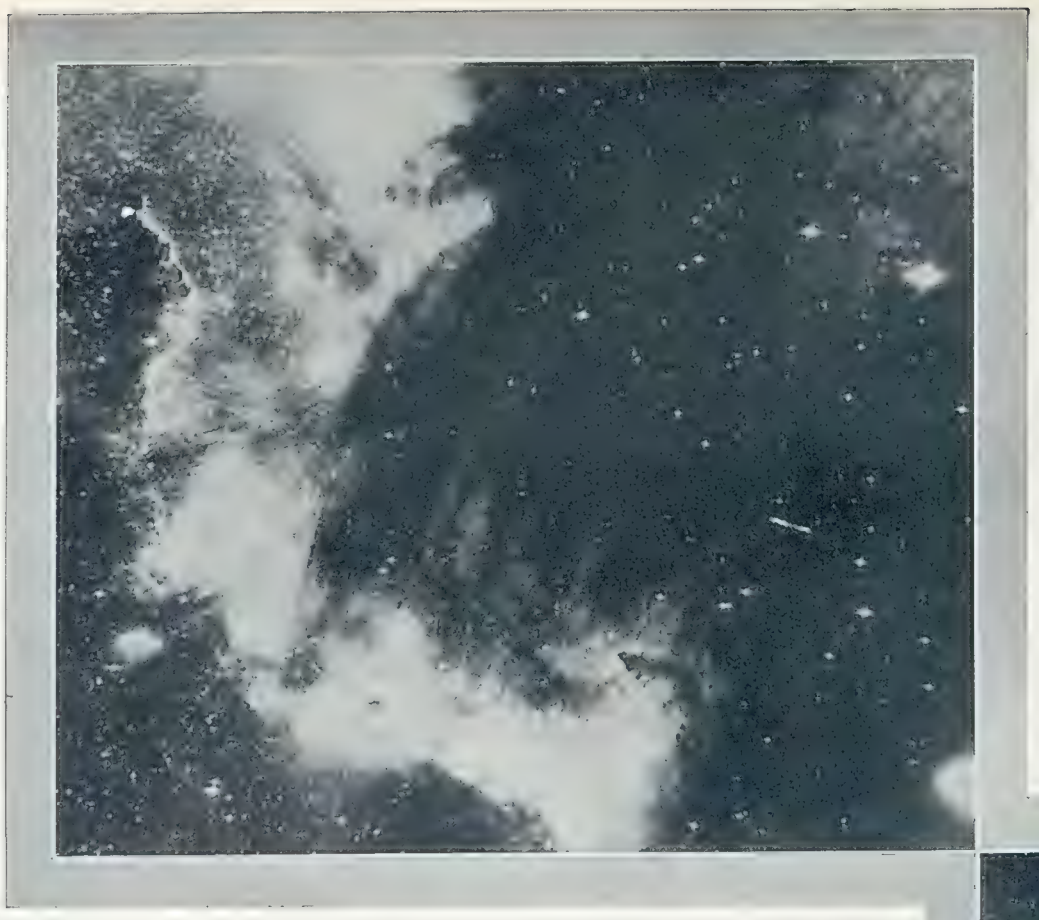
Here the situation becomes curiously similar to something we have read before, and as the story proceeds Egypt begins to bear a strange resemblance to Württemberg and Joseph to Jew Süss. Kings have always found such men useful, and the lucky ones were those who were found indispensable. On the whole the portrait seems a just one, although I think the author might have allowed his hero a little more genuine human feeling at meeting Jacob and Benjamin again. However, he (the author) does not allow himself any ill-natured witticisms, and only in the last line does an ironical touch peep out. The King is flippant, and Joseph reproves him with the words, "Remember, Sir, that to-day we are making history—possibly sacred history."

Well, truth is stranger than fiction, and sacred history stranger than both. Strangest of all, perhaps, is the way it has got itself imbedded into the lives of the Anglo-Saxons. The Anglican clergy, an admirable and ill-used body of men, have few champions in these pagan days, and it is often forgotten how many a saint keeps the flame alive in slum parish and forgotten country hamlet. Mr. Bennet, rector of Delmonden in Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Shepherds in Sackcloth*, was no saint but an irascible old man who fought what seemed a losing fight against the indifference of his parishioners, the rigidity of his bishop, the domineering nature of the squiress, and the general blind cruelty of life.

Theresa, the young niece of the squiress, falls in love with a farm-boy turned evangelist, and comes to a bad end. The old man regarded her as his own daughter (she replaced for him a daughter who had died), and her death is terrible to him. The young evangelist, after a terrible struggle with himself, takes up his work again, and although the rector is repulsed by his crudity and distressed by his methods, he finds a curious bond being established between them. This relationship (in the end almost of father and son) is most subtly worked out, and the whole is set in that rural English scene which Miss Kaye-Smith knows so well. The old man fights his last fight against the bishop, and the young one, coming to see him for a final reconciliation, finds him dead. A simple tale memorable from its sincere and touching portrait of an English clergyman.

Doctor Serocold, by Helen Ashton, is in some ways similar, with its picture of life in an English country town. The whole action takes only twenty-four hours, but in that time is shown, as it were, a cross-section of the life of the community. The day that had begun with an old man's death ends with the birth of a child.

But enough of the shepherds! Now for the wandering sheep. *See how they run*, by Helen Grace Carlisle, is an extraordinary book, and the casual reader might well be put off by its staccato mannerisms. The writer has read James Joyce, not to mention Gertrude Stein, but fortunately she does not allow herself to be swamped by the Stream of Consciousness, or whatever it is called, and her book is not too long. She tells the story of three girls who go to New York and plunge into stage life. One never knows which is talking at any given minute. The authoress is any one of them at will, and the first effect is confusing. Yet in the end the character of each stands out clearly, and the development is logical and convincing. It is also curiously moving, and the strange style gives it a pressure and immediacy which might otherwise have been missed. Those who write about the English village can afford to write, so to say, at arm's-length. New York needs something more drastic. This book has all the clang and clatter of a modern city, but those who can keep their heads will find it worth while.



THE NEBULÆ OF CYGNUS: This picture was taken by the 100-in. telescope at Mt Wilson Observatory with a five-hours exposure

Stellar Evolution—

The Autobiography of a STAR.

"Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more, and Arcturus, and Orion, and Sirius are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the Shepherds first noted them."—CARLYLE.

By W. J. LUTYEN

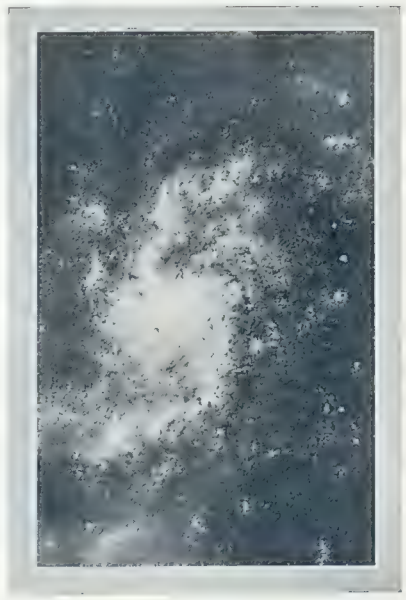
of the Harvard College Observatory, Bloemfontein

How is a star born? How long does it live? How and why does it die? These and other questions have been perplexing astronomers for the past few decades, have been the driving power of astrophysics. Only during the past few decades, since the advent of photography and of the spectroscope, for it is only since then that we have known enough to ask such questions intelligently, have we really begun to consider the stars otherwise than as mere specks of light, have we become curious as to their physical constitution.

The astronomer is sometimes reproached for the fact that, with all his elaborate apparatus, his great telescopes, his spectroscopes, and his photographic cameras, he has not yet found out how a star originates, how it develops, and why, and how it disappears again. But one must not forget that the astronomer has only had the use of such modern equipment for a bare thirty or forty years. And what are thirty or forty years compared with the time-scale of the astronomer, to whom a million years are "as but a day"?

Simon Newcomb, I believe, is credited with the following apt illustration of the difficulty under which the astronomer labours. Imagine a person endowed with the keenest powers of reasoning, and in possession of the finest and most accurate instruments we have yet been able to devise—all except a pendulum—he must never have seen or even heard of a pendulum; imagine further that this person is placed in a completely darkened room, where numerous pendulums are swinging noiselessly. Illuminate this laboratory for one single instant by a flash of lightning. Then demand from the observer that he describe accurately the law that governs the motion of the pendulum. And yet his task is child's play compared with the stupendous problems confronting the astronomer—to derive an adequate theory of stellar evolution. For the duration of the electric flash (something like one five-thousandth of a second) against that of the swing of the pendulum is, comparatively speaking, millions of times longer than thirty or forty years in the life of a star.

On the other hand, it should be simple to write the biography of a star—the stars really write their own life histories. That is to say, the data are already there. All the astronomer needs to do is to heed the writing in the sky traced in words of light. But like the Chaldean astrologers in ancient Babylon, astronomers are not yet able to read it, and the modern Daniel who will decipher the code of these celestial autobiographies has not yet risen. Parts of these secret documents are written in infinitesimal characters, the language of the atoms and electrons. These are the easiest to interpret, for the recent atomic theories have supplied us with an excellent Rosetta stone, and we have been able to translate no small part of them.



ONE MILLION LIGHT-YEARS AWAY: The spiral nebula in Triangulum, an island universe 50 000 light-years in diameter

Especially the epoch-making work of Eddington, at Cambridge, has enabled us to penetrate deeply into the interior of the stars, into the innermost of these cosmic crucibles. Thus far, however, the Ten Commandments which govern the life-course of a star are not yet fully understood, though we have reason to believe that the tablet on which for billions of years past the stars themselves have been chiselling this Decalogue has been brought to light, largely through the efforts of Sir Norman Lockyer, Hertzsprung, Russell, Eddington, and Sir James Jeans. The alphabet employed in these stellar cuneiforms has not yet been established, and only the first of the Ten Commandments seems to have been fully translated: "Thou shalt not be heavy." Eddington has shown that stars much heavier than the sun are extremely unstable and will explode at the slightest provocation.

Among the few facts that we know for certain, there stands out the discovery of Hertzsprung, Danish astronomer and Gold Medallist of the Royal Astronomical Society, that the stars may be divided into "giants" and "dwarfs." The former may range up to one hundred million times the bulk of the sun, composed as they are of "gas" more than one thousand times more rarefied than our atmosphere, while their luminosity may exceed that of the sun ten thousand times or more. The latter include all the more unassuming denizens of the cosmos, among others our own sun, which, one might say, is "quite prominent in dwarf circles." These dwarfs are, on the whole, rather comparable to our sun, though many of them descend to a feeble luminosity less than one hundredth-thousandth part of that of the sun.

THE BLACK HOLE IN ORION: A striking picture of the strange phenomenon taken by the world's largest telescope

Beyond this one established fact little is known for certain, mainly for the reason mentioned before—the colossal difficulty of stating anything for certain concerning a process that is so painfully slow as stellar evolution.

According to Russell, a star would begin life as a "red giant," a star such as Antares or Betelgeuse, millions of times larger than the sun, a thousand times more luminous, and rather cool, no hotter than 6,000 deg. Fahr. on its surface. As such a star matures it contracts and becomes hotter, thus going through various metamorphoses, characterised in the sky by stars such as Arcturus, Capella, Canopus, and Vega. Finally, in the course of several millions of years, perhaps it reaches the most luminous stage, that of a blue-white giant resembling Rigel, Spica, or Achernar perhaps. It may now be as much as 30,000 to 40,000 deg. Fahr. on its surface, and may well surpass the sun ten thousand times in brilliance. It has reached the pinnacle of its fame, and shines without rival among the stars; from now on it is doomed to grow cooler and fade, although still continuing to contract.

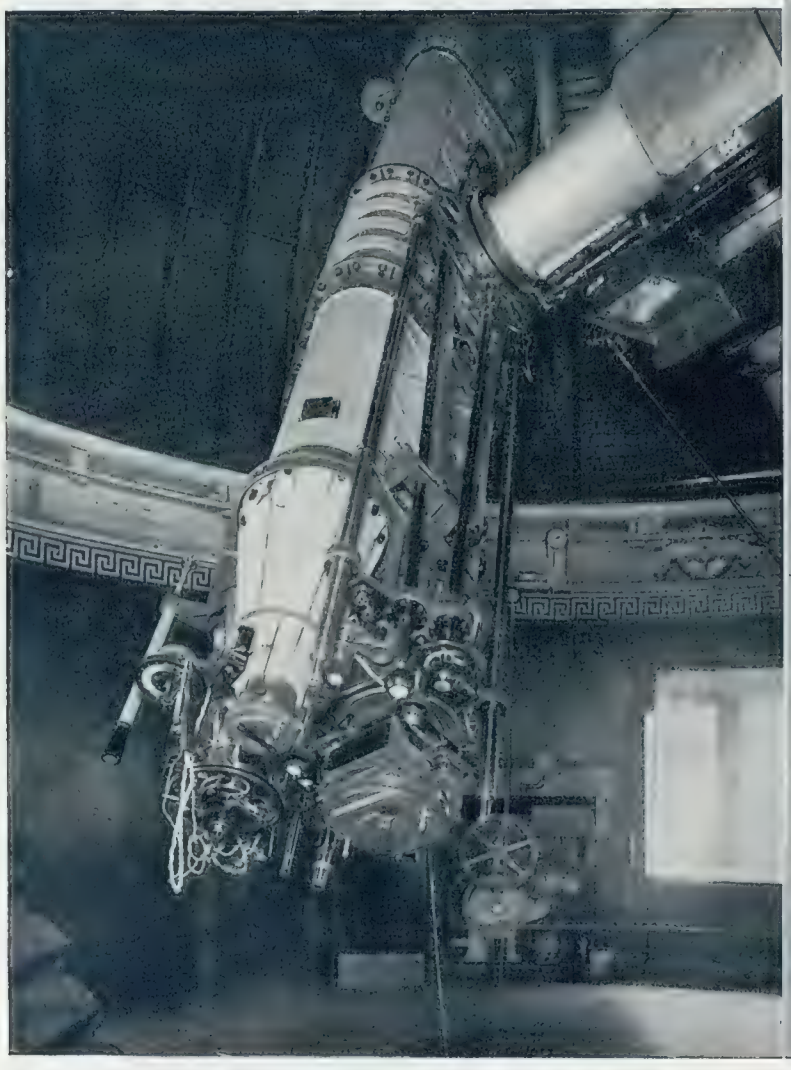
The star grows denser and denser, passes through such intermediate stages as those of Sirius, the dog star, Procyon, our sun, an ordinary yellow dwarf, the fainter component of Alpha Centauri, ultimately reaching the "red dwarf" stage and passing into oblivion. Now it is no more than a sad remnant of its former glory, nothing but a lingering memory of the giant stars of the bluish Orion type, once so proud and powerful that their light-messages penetrated to the utmost recesses of space, now scarcely able to flicker to their immediate surroundings their last *morituri te salutamus*.

Our story is told, and the curtain is lowered at the close of the last act of the celestial drama. The ghost-like body of the extinguished star may continue to roam through space, it may wander on for trillions of years to come as a celestial vagrant—as a star it is no more, its glory is dissolved. *Sic transit gloria.* And yet who knows but that some day in the eternal cycle of the universe, our dead star may not be thrown into some cosmic crucible, and arise as a Phœnix from its ashes.

To CON the STARS

At Babelsberg Observatory.

Three Great Astronomical Instruments Described by Mr. W. J. S. Lockyer, Director of the Norman Lockyer Observatory, Sidmouth



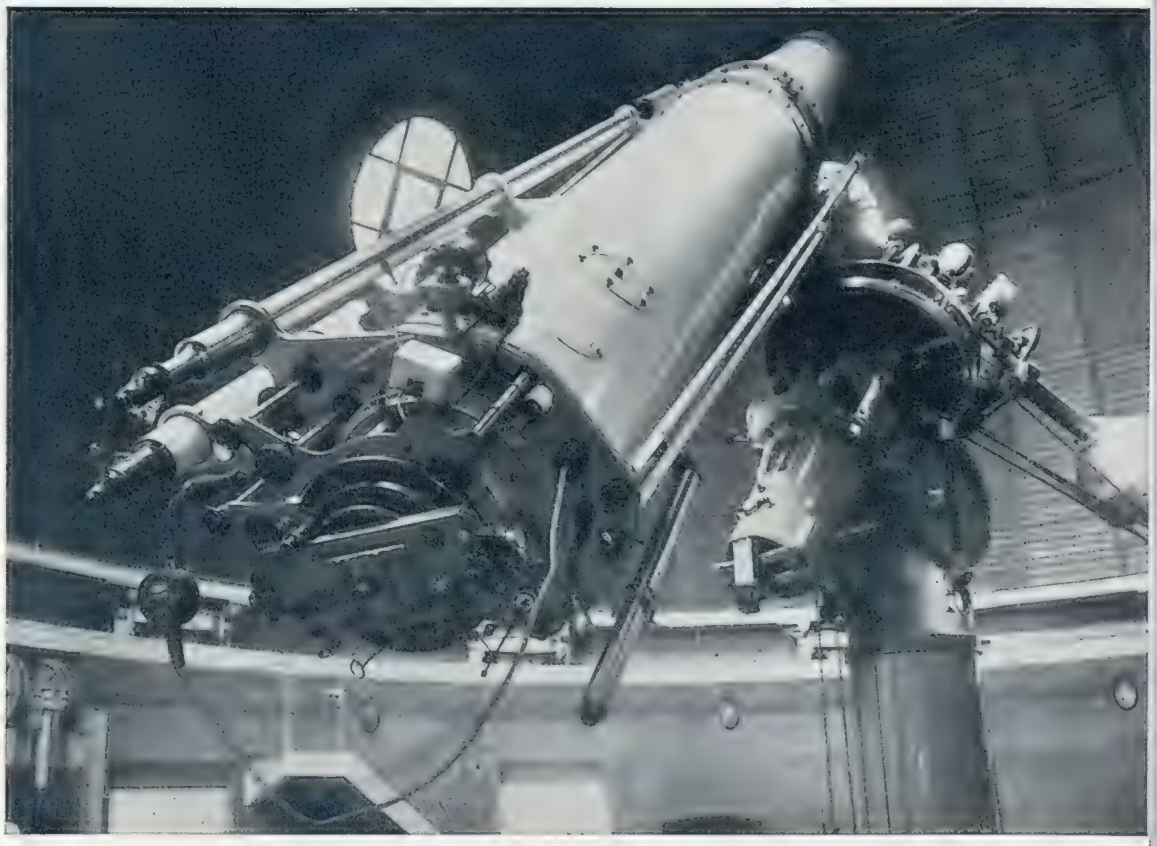
A TRIPLE TELESCOPE FROM BERLIN: This was made by Toepfer, and has an object glass 25½ in. in diameter

This triple telescope is in use at the University Observatory at Babelsberg, near Berlin, and was constructed by the firm of Toepfer. It consists of three separate tubes all mounted close together and parallel to each other thus forming three independent telescopes. The lower right hand tube is a reflecting telescope of the Cassegrain type having an equivalent focal length of about 63 ft. The upper tube forms a photographic telescope with an objective lens of 16 in. diameter and a little over 18 ft. focal length. The lower left-hand tube, the eye end of which can only be seen, is a visual refractor of 12 in. aperture and about 18 ft. focal length. All the various rods, electric wires, and thin telescope tubes terminating near the eye end of the telescopes are for clamping the telescope in position, slow motion, illumination of the divided circles and eyepieces, and reading the scales on the graduated circles, etc. The whole system of tubes is counterpoised and the complete instrument is moved very accurately by clockwork to counterbalance the earth's motion of rotation.

A PRODUCT OF ZEISS: One of the large equatorials erected at Babelsberg

This equatorial is one of the large equatorials erected at the University Observatory at Babelsberg, near Berlin. It was made at the works of Carl Zeiss, at Jena. It is of the refractor type and has an object glass of 25½ in. aperture and a focal length of 43⅓ ft. The photograph shows the upper portion of the pillar mounting and the great tube. The breach or eye-end of the tube displays the large micrometer which is used for measuring the angular distances of double stars or any such measures which require very accurate determinations. The smaller telescopes attached to the large tube are for reading the declination circle when setting the instrument on a star and for guiding.

This instrument is very different from an equatorial telescope, as it is movable only in the meridian, i.e. only up and down in the north and south plane. It is of the meridian-circle or transit-circle type, and was built by the firm of Toepfer for the University Observatory of Babelsberg, near Berlin. On each side of the tube and fixed to it are two large very finely graduated circles, which can be read by microscopes fixed to the massive brick columns east and west of the tube. No dome is required for this instrument, but the roof can be moved to allow the celestial objects on the meridian to be observed. The observer reclines on the movable chair below. In the field of view of the telescope is a system of very fine wires or spider threads, across which the star is seen to pass, and it is the determination of the exact time at which the star passes each wire, and the reading of the microscopes, that constitutes a complete observation.



MOVABLE ONLY IN THE MERIDIAN: A telescope, the converse of the equatorial, built by Toepfer

Below—"THE MISCREANT WHO ROBBED ME OF MY LOVE": Katisha (Miss Bertha Lewis) clamours for vengeance on Ko-Ko (Mr. Henry Lytton)

"RESUME YOUR RANKS AND LEGISLATIVE DUTIES AND TAKE MY DAUGHTERS, ALL OF WHOM ARE BEAUTIES": The grand finale of "The Pirates of Penzance"

On left—"AS THE SABRE TRUE CUT CLEANLY THROUGH HIS CERVICAL VERTEBRÆ": Pitti-Sing (Miss Nellie Briercliffe), substantiates Ko-Ko's (Mr. Henry Lytton's) story of an imaginary execution which should have taken place

"MERCY FOR KO-KO! MERCY FOR PITTI-SING! MERCY EVEN FOR POOH-BAH!": Miss Nellie Briercliffe, Mr. Sydney Granville, and Mr. Henry Lytton kneel before The Mikado (Mr. Darrell Fancourt)

"The PIRATES" and "The MIKADO"

The Fourth of "The Sphere's" Special Illustrated Double Pages of the Gilbert and Sullivan Season at the Savoy, taken by Special Arrangement with Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte

"HA HA, FAMILY PRIDE": Pooh-Bah, (Mr. Sydney Granville) accepts a bribe from Ko-Ko (Mr. Henry Lytton) to mortify his pride (?)

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety" of the operas written by Gilbert and composed by Sullivan. Their season at their new home, albeit their airs are on every errand boy's lips, their classic quips are household words, has been phenomenally successful. They will continue to pack the new and very slick Savoy Theatre until March 22.

On left—"TAKE HEART OF GRACE": Mr. Leo Sheffield (Sergeant of Police) offers Ruth (Miss Bertha Lewis) a token of his love—the penultimate moment of "The Pirates of Penzance"

"SO MUCH FOR BOUNCER'S BREAKFAST; AND NOW FOR MY OWN": Mr. Charles Goulding as Box in "Box and Cox," the delightful Burnand-Sullivan trifle

"THE THREATENED CLOUD HAS PASSED AWAY": The grand finale of "The Mikado." *From left to right, front row*—Pooh-Bah, Pitti-Sing; Katisha, Ko-Ko, The Mikado, Yum-Yum, Nanki-Pooh, Peep-Bo, and Pish-Tush

A LIFE-BOAT RESCUES A LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER: An urgent S.O.S. was sent from Coquet Island, Northumberland, owing to the illness of the lighthouse-keeper. The weather was too rough for the relief boat to travel. Fishwives of Hauxley are seen hauling back the boat from its successful errand

The LAND We LOVE.

A Pictorial Survey of England and English Life

SUBJECT OF AN ISLAND MONARCH: A trapper of Lundy Island, off North Devon, owned by Mr. M. C. Harman, whose domain and its fourteen souls owe no allegiance to the laws of England. It has its own coinage and its own stamps

"I LIKE THE OLD WAY BEST": The Donkey-chaise driven by Mr. A. F. Wilson of Preston Candover, Hants, challenges the modern car

"HEAVEY-HO"!: A scene during the opening of the fishing season in Scotland. The picture was taken at Cleekum Strech, Scone, Perth

Below: "FURY": Britain's latest speed locomotive for the L.M.S. with a cylinder pressure of 900 lb. to the square inch

A MEET IN A TOWN: The Old Berkeley Foxhounds met in the old-world streets of Chesham recently, where the congestion was acute

A 1,000-TON CRASH: The scene after the record fall of cliff at Beachy Head, Eastbourne. Debris is piled 60 feet high west of the Devil's Chimney

•The WORLD of WOMEN•

Edited by DIANA BOURBON

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

LENARE

• Scions of Britain's Aristocracy

• A HORSEWOMAN OF DISTINCTION: The Hon. Marygold Mills, who is often out riding in Northants. She is seen in the bridesmaid's costume she wore at Miss Frances Loring's wedding

On extreme right—THE SON OF AN M.F.H.: Charles, son of Captain and Mrs. Smith-Ryland of Barford Hill, Warwick, page at the wedding of his aunt, Miss Smith-Ryland, and Mr. Verney

• UTILITY HOUSES

The Elimination of all but Essentials Characterises the Really Modern and Efficient Dwelling

One of the best things about modern architecture is that even in the most luxurious and ultra up-to-date houses people are becoming more and more practical.

They have definitely given up constructing houses in which are rooms hardly, if ever, used; they have decided against useless passages, small rooms and windows, unpractical "fitments," cumbersome cupboards, etc., and are in every detail striving to make each part of the house absolutely *essential* to the well-being of the tenant.

I was immensely struck just lately by one lovely bungalow, which I know well, and which has been built for both summer and winter use. There is nothing in the house which is not absolutely necessary and there is an *entire* absence of knicknacks and the dreadful "bittiness" which makes so many homes unlivable. Everything necessary to one's comfort is there, but nothing superfluous. For instance, the book-shelves (and there are many) are all sunk in the walls and take up not one inch of room space, only providing a most excellent background for the big settees and comfy armchairs. There are plenty of low tables with magazines, cigarettes, *and* a big lighter on each. The tables are made of thick glass and the lamps which stand on them of glass also? There are one or two huge clear glass flower-vases, square in shape, which hold huge bunches of flowers.

CAMOUFLAGE AND ECONOMY IN ONE: A bed concealed in a cupboard, a space-saving device from Vienna

The cushions are jade green, the curtains jade and white patterned with big Chinese dragons, and there are rugs on the polished floor, which in summer-time are rolled up and stored away. There is a very large sun-parlour looking on to a great half-circle of blue sea, with glass sides to it, which can be opened completely by sliding them back in the summer, and also made completely air-tight in winter, or opened on the one side only, so as to get warmth of the sun without the wind.

The kitchens are accessible from the outside, as well as through the house, and all meals can be brought into the sun-parlour without any trouble whatsoever. The domestic staff is comparatively small, considering that there are often luncheon and dinner parties of some 20 people, and at least a dozen staying in the house nearly all the time.

Every room has its bath, lavatory and washing basin, so that the housework is comparatively light, and as there are, as I say, no knicknacks, there is very little in each room which needs dusting.

The dressing-tables have glass tops and the bathrooms are entirely white, with rounded corners and glass shelves and cupboards.

Another great point I noticed was that there was a huge garage, which was always full, as practically each visitor seemed to possess a car and in many cases a chauffeur, who was accommodated in excellent rooms above the garage. This seems to me a most important item, as the tendency of modern house parties is to be continually on the move, and it is absolutely necessary, therefore, for everyone to be independent, as it so often happens that no two guests ever want to do the same thing.

Another thing I mentally made a note of was that there was a perfect maids' work-room, with electric irons and various sized ironing-boards, large fitted wash-basins, and in fact every sort of appliance which the most exacting of ladies' maids would require.

There was a valet's room also, besides a *most* excellent "exercise room" which we found extremely useful on wet days, fitted with a Savage health motor, a vaulting-horse, a punch-ball and a Vibro Massage machine, also several pairs of dumb-bells and Indian clubs. Of course there was no drawing-room, but we all lived in the living-room and went through the big folding doors to the dining-room which adjoined the sun-parlour.

At the side of the house was a charming and very peaceful bridge room where one could be completely quiet.

One other thing we had which proved quite invaluable, both in summer and winter, was a beach house, close to the water's edge, on a revolving base which we could turn round so as to be sheltered from the wind or sun as required.

FASHION IN THE 'EIGHTIES: *When manners were at their most oppressive. The picture was posed by the Misses Zinkeisen*

•TASTE . . . *perhaps:* MANNERS . . . YES!

—the other day Miss Diana Bourbon came to the conclusion that we have taste but no manners. While not disclaiming the former, I should like to refute the latter, statement

By Madge Garland

Our manners, like our clothes, our coiffures, and our children, follow the fashions. Those of the present generation no more resemble the good manners of the last than my uncrushable tweed hat resembles the mountain of feathers and flowers which used to adorn my mother's long-suffering head. Our manners have not changed in quality but only in quantity. That desire to eliminate the superfluous which is so typical of our day has not spared our manners—unnecessary phrases have vanished with the frills and furniture of the Edwardian era.

The reason why we get into so much trouble is that we don't lie as much as we were taught to. When we say: "We're pleased to see you"; and, "how well you're looking"; we probably mean it. I don't guarantee this, but the chances are longer than when my mother rustled out of her chair, greeted her guests effusively, asked after their DARLING children (whom she'd previously told me I could never again invite to tea because they were such SAVAGES), and sped them on their way with a thousand regrets—only to tear their morals and their clothes to ribbons the moment they were safely out of the house.

Perhaps I would be equally hypocritical if I had to entertain people I don't like, but I don't ask to my home people in whom I am not interested. And when their children come and wreck my house I say: "My God, those little BEASTS of yours"; and my friend says: "Yes, they're only equalled by yours"; and I have to agree!

Our children may speak before they're spoken to—but they have far more fun than I had at their age—and statistics prove they are far healthier. I cannot prove they're more intelligent, but I suspect they are that too. (They certainly ought to be with the advantage of having such parents as we are!)

Someone once said that good manners consisted in never allowing anyone to feel uncomfortable in your presence. From this point of view I think that our manners are more easily defensible than those of the last generation. Many people complain that it is rare nowadays to find a hostess who takes the trouble to introduce her guests to one another; but it is equally rare to go to any reception where the guests stand around and haughtily appraise the appearance and social standing of the newcomer while waiting for their hostess to present them formally. Our phrase: "You know so-and-so, don't you?" may sound abrupt after: "Allow me to present Mr. X, Madame Y"; but it is more conducive to easy conversation. And few women permit themselves the luxury of publicly ignoring their enemies when they meet at a mutual friend's house, an occurrence which was by no means rare, if we are to believe late nineteenth-century novelists, and which must have considerably added to the party spirit of care-free gaiety.

So-and-so may not stand and bow over your hand when you meet him; he may pretend no emotion at the sight of your obvious feminine charms; in conversation he may contradict you flatly, but he will do you the common justice of expecting you to have a point of view of your own, and of allowing you to express it. . . . Which is more than most Alberts did for their most divine Angelinas.

A curious point about accepted good manners is that they were taught to apply only to that strata of Society which was considered equal to, but preferably slightly above, your own. Politeness to humanity at large is a recent, and indeed only partially accepted, conceit. Young Miss X may smoke and make-up in public, sit on the floor, pull off her hat and greet you with a brief hallo, but she will speak as civilly to her maid as she will do to you (probably more so) and not only speak politely but act considerately.

Her mother is a lady of the old school, a model of good manners—but have you ever heard her speak to her servants? or even her daughter—when alone? Few members of the younger generation would so far offend their own sense of decency as to address any other human being (certainly not their dog!) with such insolence, and thank goodness the obsequious class of servant who serves such a mistress will soon be extinct. The mother is probably no more shocked at her daughter's outrageous language and laxity of manners than is the daughter by her mother's hypocrisy and excess of manners—but as I said before there are fashions in all things—even in being shocked.

The Places one dreams of Visiting

THE AFTERNOON RENDEZVOUS: *The gardens of the Mena House Hotel*

•LIFE *in* CAIRO

How an Englishwoman lives in the romantic capital of Egypt

By Stella Knight

Light falls in gold spears from the fathomless sky. All day, from breakfast-time in your flat to dinner at the club, before you drive over to the Opera House to hear *Aïda* for the third time this season, you can wear a series of white frocks . . . crisp or cloud-like, or ethereal as Nile-mist at evening, and be assured of weather to keep them white, and gay places to show them off.

For this is Cairo, "where a woman can lead one of the most delightful lives in the world," as a resident once said.

And yet you are not so terribly rich. Perhaps your husband is an officer in the Army of Occupation, or a Government official, and such society, though charming, does not produce millionaires. You leave the millionaires to Alexandria, where the Greek merchants live, and just enjoy your life in Cairo, which caters for smart simplicity on an average income.

Flowering trees with pretty names line the wide, white streets of New Cairo in the spring. The camelfoot drops it pale purple blossoms through the evening air on to your car as you drive out to Mena House, shadowed by the Pyramids, to dance, dine, swim in the open air, and dance again until the stars pale. Brick-red and crimson, the gold-more sighs in the spiced air far above your head as you sit on the famous terrace at Shepheard's, where, it is said, if you wait long enough everybody in the great world and the half-world passes by, watching that truly sacramental marriage, that real and vital blending of the East and the West that spells Cairo drift slowly past your eyes.

As a good Englishwoman, of course your life revolves round the Gezireh Sporting Club, known simply as the Club. Here, on an island in the Nile, are the grounds and courts and nets for every kind of ball the English exile loves to hit, and a race-course a mile and a half long, and a great swimming pool. Every encouragement to be energetic!

TRANSPORT, ANCIENT AND MODERN: *Camels, horses, and motor-cars for hire outside the Mena House Hotel*

But let us suppose that you are not merely a tiresomely energetic woman, you like your bridge at the Club after tea, taken in the gardens where the orange trumpets of the bignonia creeper nod at you from the back of the cricket-stand. You enjoy your leisurely swim before lunch (a daily ritual with Englishwomen living in Cairo), and you are buoyed up by the knowledge that your two Berberine menservants can be trusted (unless they take hasheesh) to run your six-roomed flat with elegance and ease.

But in spite of these facts, Egypt means more to you than spiced air, gaiety and comfort, and the Club.

Outside the city, like a tawny lion in its lair, lies the desert. Outside the city, black in the hush before daybreak, flamingo-pink under the rising sun, ghost-grey in the drone and blaze of midday, lie the Pyramids.

Once you ventured, awed, into the lion's lair, the Libyan Desert. Once (you will not forget this) you sat at the door of your tent, on the first night of that camping excursion to the Faiyum Oasis, and watched the eyelids of Night slowly close over the desert, in sapphire, amethyst, purple, nameless and myriad blues, and black.

Once, when you stopped in the Mousky to buy a piece of Persian embroidery thick with dim roses, you heard the song of the Muezzin flying in echoes from mosque to mosque, like a strange bird in the blue air.

Dark and tiny shops, the slap of slippered feet on stone, "all them spicy garlic smells," the intricate pattern of Eastern life . . . you do not forget that these form the charm of Cairo, as well as the smart French and English and Italian shops, the gay winter season with its Opera, and the flat-racing at the Club.

Sometimes the hot, bitter Khamsin-wind blows from the desert, but never for longer than five days, and it is always followed by a cool breeze from the sea.

Sometimes, too, your husband is forced to kick the burly suffragi (housemaid) downstairs for being drunk. But when this happens the boab (or concierge of your block of flats) is sure to overhear the shameful and headlong descent of the suffragi, and he spreads the news in no time among his various friends and relations. These are sure to include an unemployed suffragi or two . . . and within twenty minutes you are confronted with an applicant for the job, and for the right to sleep in one of the two little cubicles on the roof of the flat which belongs to you, and which is your "servants' quarters." In London, or, worse, New York, where untrained domestics are at a premium and good servants are prohibitive, one longs for Cairo as one longs for the Egyptian sun on a raw wet day.

Dear Cairo! Dear, secret Egypt! How can you ever endure to leave her?

WOMEN SECTION—cont.

STARS OF FILMDOM: *Miss Dolores Costello with her husband, Mr. John Barrymore, wearing the beard he has grown for his new picture*

•SHOULD HUSBANDS *be so* HELPLESS?

—Fathercraft and domestic economy should be included in the public school curriculum

By Vera Brittain

The question, happily, does not arise in my own household, but it often occurs to me when I am visiting the homes of my friends.

Take, for instance, what happened the other day to a family I know. The youngest child was already ill when his governess suddenly developed violent hysterics, ending in a complete nervous breakdown. The cook, upset, simultaneously took herself off, leaving a scared and inexperienced housemaid to deal with the situation.

Frantic messages were sent to the mother and her eldest daughter (both in jobs), and to a younger member of the family who still went to a day-school. All three hastened home and gave such spare hours as they could muster to straightening out the chaos.

STILL PREFERRING BLONDES: *Miss Anita Loos on the fashionable sands of Palm Beach*

Of course, you will naturally remark, in this household there was no husband and father? Perhaps he was dead, or in his office, or out of the country on business? But you will be quite wrong, for he is a writer whose work is mostly done at home. While domestic tribulation raged around him he remained firmly shut in his study in desperate fear lest somebody should break in upon his security and ask him to cope with the catastrophe.

Why, I wonder, in these days when fathercraft has become a fashionable topic, and psychologists so disturbingly point out to the once care-free male that his small children need his companionship, does the husband who would perish of cold or starvation if left to himself on a desert island still remain the rule rather than the exception?

In nine households out of ten, if his wife and the cook are both out he will sit down to a cold supper of bread and cheese rather than grill a chop or even boil an egg. If a button comes off he perambulates forlornly round the house looking for a female to sew it on. If the fire dies down he will huddle, shivering, into an overcoat rather than find paper and sticks to set it going again.

And, worst of all, when the baby cries he is liable to remove himself to the most distant part of the house, in the fond belief that his subsequent failure to hear its protests absolves him from all responsibility.

The answer, I think, is simply that all our experiments in connection with modern infant rearing and child education—welfare centres, subscription clinics, fathercraft classes, lectures to parents, and all the rest of it—are having a hard fight to make headway against the strength of the Victorian tradition.

Modern educational pioneers are all in favour of demanding more self-sufficiency from small boys and more practical ability from grown men, but in the days of our fathers and grandfathers one of the privileges of the average male was a kind of sacred right to know nothing whatever about housework.

The result is a man unadapted to the changing conditions of a world in which more and more wives prefer the stimulus of a job to the tedium of perpetual housework, while at the same time the number of women prepared to enter domestic service is rapidly diminishing. Shared domestic tasks must be if the marriages of to-morrow are to work successfully and the homes of to-morrow to run smoothly. By all who train boys, from the kindergarten to the University, this fact cannot be recognised too early!

•NEWS *from* PARIS

—An intimate causerie from the capital which specialises in intimacy

By Pearl Adam

CALL OF THE EAST.—Algeria has been French a hundred years, and she is celebrating the fact by trying to drain the Riviera of most of its visitors. So the things the Rivierans are saying about the Algerians are as tropical and full of heat as even the much-boasted climate of "precocious spring." Miss Norah James ought to go there and note a few of them for the successor to *The Sleeveless Errand;* they are just in that note, only a bit more picturesque than what Soho produces. Of course, in a luxury-place like the Riviera the effect is felt intensively, and Algeria is being disappointed in her six-month festival for the same reason.

Still, lots of folk are doing the Garden of Allah trek, only less because of Robert Hichens than because of Rudolph Valentino and the sheikh school of cinema-film. All the palm-trees and local colour effects are up to schedule, and all the hotels are so French that you gather that people prefer Africa, like a good watch-dog, to be kept out of doors and not allowed inside. The sheikhs, however, need Hollywood to come and drill them in their duties towards tourists. Some of them are so tactless as to be middle-aged.

I hear that the English visitors are mightily surprised at the way in which the French mix with the Algerians. The French have no colour-prejudice at all—full negroes are very popular with French girls, let alone Arabs and Berbers and things. But a letter from Algeria suggests that no Anglo-Indian colonel should go to the centenary; an English girl writes that her grandfather gets more like a clock every day—six feet high and oak-encased, he strikes not only the hours but the halves and the quarters, and is threatening to become a repeater in a country where he has actually seen a French girl serve coffee to a seated dash-dot-dash-dot-dash (his translated description of a local prince with a pedigree beginning somewhere about Esau). She adds: "So long as he doesn't strike the dash-dots as well!"

THE "FAST" LIFE.—Our Prefect of Police is congratulating himself on the speed-up of traffic that has followed on the parking system. But the hotel-keepers dismally call Wall Street to witness that Paris is empty because the Americans aren't here, as though even that could stop Paris being Paris! It can embarrass her financially, but it cannot hold up her daily life, and in addition the buyers are here! It can hardly be disputed that if people can't afford to go abroad for their frocks they are going to buy them at home, and the buyers are buying like billy-oh for all their inscrutable faces. And they are buying all the loosest and wildest and longest frocks, with the most dingle-dongles and kiss-me-quicks and catch-in-my-heels and rip-on-the-latches that can be thought of—in fact all the frocks that will get wet quickest.

The parking business really is working very well, Wall Street or no. It is almost as quick to take a taxi as to walk, and ever so much gentler on the poor old stocking. It is dearer, of course, especially since the taximan got higher prices and less good humour; but you get across the Place de l'Opéra nowadays, according to your companion (so I am told—I take no responsibility), in two rows instead of four of crochet; two pages instead of a chapter of the new novel whose name I shall not tell you, but it's the one you read so quickly and then say you haven't read; thirteen instead of forty winks; and one mere skimpy little kiss.

THE EAST IN PARIS: *Not only does Paris go to Algeria, but Arabian carpet-sellers haunt the Boulevard cafés*

"UNCLE ALC."—Our new cocktail is called Shpring Shong, but it is not by Mendel Shone. You beat a white of egg till it is solid, and then you very lightly drop it into a glass of Vichy into which three strained drops of lemon juice have been allowed very slowly to drip through an absinthe spoon, and a saltspoonful of sugar melted in Worcester sauce. Or is it a glass of Worcester sauce into which three strained drops of Vichy? Anyhow, one asks for it in the morning, and the white of egg must be really solid.

". . . WOULD SMELL AS SWEET . . ."—There is a Perfume Bar in Paris. Specially trained barmaids will prepare the perfume you want. Naturally they cannot do it on the spot, unless you are willing to take an ordinary sort of mixture. But the motto of the bar is that Every Woman should have her Personal Perfume, with the rider that it should mysteriously blend with her own effluvia. It sounds a little grim to me, and as though the good old bathroom would be a nice cure, with a bit of the old lavender salts if you can afford them; but the way it's done is this: that you ask at the bar (or receive by post) a post card with twenty-five classified perfumes on it, ranging from chypre and patchouli to lavender and clove, from jessamine and rose to amber and (bless its heart) sage. You knock out the ones that you could not possibly bear.

Then you indicate the kind of perfume you like, "warm, cool, spicy, light, violent," etc., and Heaven knows what the etcetera can be like. Then you send the post card back whence it came, and in a week they will let you smell the composition they have made for you, and for a hundred francs you can have a bottle of it. I am thinking of sending in a post card in which it is said that I would like some violent etcetera lavender, or some spicy lily-of-the-valley. Then I will get a friend to go and smell it.

WHERE PARIS AND MONTE SPEND THEIR LEISURE: *The popular resort for the smart set of France is Algeria, now celebrating its centenary of French rule*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

THE MENU-HOLDER: *An eagle surmounting a sphere, both in blue glass*

PEGASUS: *The fabled steed of Bellerophon in black and silver*

• HUMOUR *in* VIENNESE GLASS

—Creating Atmosphere

By HARRIET DICKSON

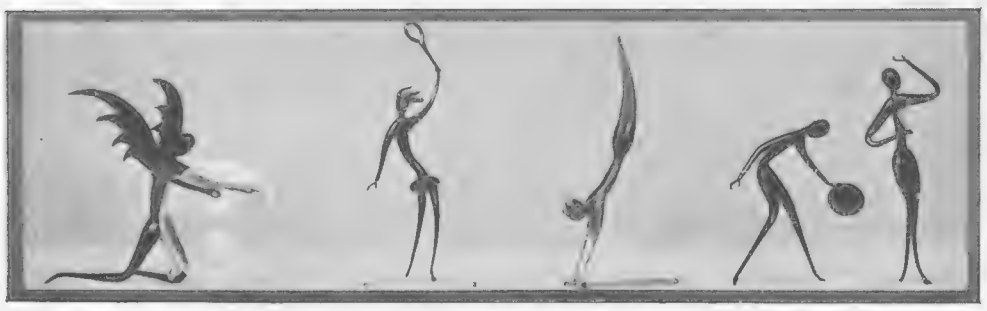
Decorative glass is mostly chosen for its colour value. In a later development of this fancy it overrides its inanimate qualities and seeks to enliven the somewhat dehumanised note of ultra-modern furnishing. The new glass, in short, has taken to creating atmosphere, an atmosphere of humour, of rhythm, and of sprightliness.

Animal or human, the achievements in this world of blown and drawn glass caricature suggest close contact with natural history. There are experiments ranging from the innocent look of baby mice to the more ponderous elephant tribe. Giraffes and crocodiles, porcupines and pigs, some grown and others growing, march past in attitudes of mild surprise. Sometimes fantastically coloured, sometimes again in natural hue, they assume queer mischievous poses.

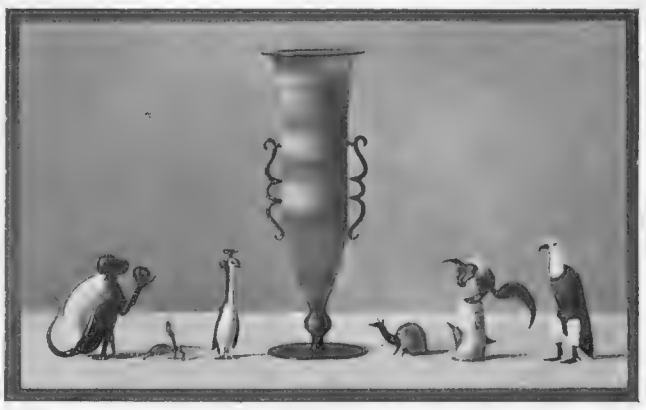
The human look of the enigmatic monkey face, those contemplative eyes surveying the world dispassionately, seem to take on in this transparent dress a doubly quizzical gaze. Cursory inspection would suggest a certain sameness in the faces, but art resembles life, and variety is the spice thereof even in the monkey cage. The dachshund, too, is there. In white he assumes the ill-fitting robe of modesty; in black and tan he becomes the essence of contradiction and true to his race. Nor is Felix of international fame forgotten. He arches his back, an elongated mobile spine it is, at some invisible intruder, wearing his outsize whisker and a kind of Cheshire smile.

Individually these "Bimini" creations are light and daintily conceived. Collectively they are frankly mirth-provoking, and Vienna has taken them to her heart. With their moods, sombre and gay, their quaint, droll faces assuming an alive expression, they compel a smile.

They find a home in special niches or on zig-zag tables, often indeed where you least expect them to be found. Yet if their colouring be strictly truthful or made to fashion's fancy only, they strike some necessary contrast.



LINES OF SPEED: *With a dexterous twist the artist in glass creates movement and pace*



ONE BY ONE: *A Viennese Noah's ark of glass animals for the dinner-table*

- FOR THE DAILY BRIDGE: *Afternoon hat of* Bakou, *with a wide pleated brim, trimmed with* faille *ribbon. The black suede bag is fastened by a black enamel clasp in which a platinum watch is set. The necklace is of crystal rings connected by ebonite links*

- *Below*—JERSEY FOR HEAD, NECK, AND WRISTS: *A draped sports turban of multi-coloured jersey. Scarf and cuffs to match*

PARIS SENDS MODES for MORNING and AFTERNOON

The latest fashions in hats, bags, necklets, and costumes ***pour le sport***

OPERA IN PRIVATE: King Arthur (Mr. Arthur Cranmer) and Queen Guenevere (Miss Ursula Greville) with their Court in "The Round Table," by Rutland Boughton, author of "The Immortal Hour," produced at Londonderry House. Lady Londonderry gave a large party to witness the performance

"ANY SPIRITS PRESENT?" A conjurer at a West End restaurant performs a striking levitational illusion. He causes a table to float despite efforts to force it down

VALUABLE LUGGAGE! A cocktail bar rigged up in the trunk of a motor-car. Mr. D. H. B. Thornton's party is seen above at the New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point Steeplechase at Addington, near Islip

WELL WRAPPED UP: A page and a bridal attendant at the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. Sampson Llewellyn Lloyd and Miss Margaret Parker

MANY FACETS of ENGLISH LIFE.

Cabaret, Opera, Sport, Society, and Politics Pictorially Reviewed

THE WIDOWS' CHAMPIONS: Miss Susan Lawrence and Mr. Arthur Greenwood, who championed the Widows' Pensions Bill, which was discussed for 17½ hours, members sitting up all night. Such debates as these are thrilling but tiring!

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A Weekly Feature Devoted to the Interests of Travel at Home and Abroad

Edited by CRAWFURD PRICE

The Lure of the HIMALAYA.

By Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE MACMUNN

AT THE GREATEST OF THE HILL STATIONS: The football field at Annandale, Sim'a, where the Durand Football Tournament is held

Of all the luring, haunting things to get into your blood, perhaps the call of the Himalaya is the most compelling. The great mountains that surge out of the plains of India for many thousand miles stand in the cold season, clear as the Alps and twice as high, steely blue with their snow caps atop, calling to adventure as few things call elsewhere. They call the traveller and explorer who gets the go-fever to get in further and deeper to snow-blocked pass and glacier, and rock-piled monasteries and Buddhist stupa; they call the sportsmen who dream of record ibex and markhor, the snake-eaters, of snow leopards and great brown bear, and even thrice-curled *Poli*; and then they strike a deeper note, that of the soul a-search for peace and solace.

Far away in the mountains lie some of the famous places of Hindu pilgrimage, over lonely passes and deep snows, by rock and tarn, far above the cedars and the silver birch and the juniper, out to the barren hillside where the snow lies ever. There, as the summit of human endeavour, is a shrine that surely brings peace. So they go by their tens of thousands, those simple Hindu peasants and town folk, old and young fathers and families, mother and maid, *un qui march, un qui tette, un qui vient*, and the latter may *vient* by the roadside behind some sheet as the mothers shelter, and soon the family treks on. "Come brothers, come! To the hills that heal!" . . . the hills and the shrines that give virtue and peace, and some way of escape from the life that seems so hard. Listen to the God Siva, who creates and destroys, and you will see the heart of the Hindu pilgrim.

I am the God of the sensuous fire
That moulds all nature in forms divine;
The symbols of death and of man's desire,
The springs of change in the world are mine,
The organs of birth and the circlet of bones
And the loose loves carved on the temple stones,

and then, up in the snows, peace, attainment, Nirvana!

* * *

But to us of the Kingdom, the Himalaya in its outer hills seems much, for Europe likes to escape from the burden of the plains even as the Mogul Emperors marched to Kashmir, with their guns and their elephants and their harems full of the daughters of the south, by way of the snowy Pir Panjal. And autumn in the outer Himalaya is perhaps the most attractive and wistful of all, for the scenes are the scenes of England, and the flora and the fauna at 6,000 ft. are those of the West. The things of the East lie sweltering far below. The evergreen trees are grouped as accurate old Isaiah puts them—the cedar, the pine, and the box, *Cedrus Deodaris*, *Pinus Excelsa*, *Taxus Bocata*, *Abies Webbiana*, *Pisea Morinda* that used to be *Smithiana*, and the like. And then are the oaks with their leaves a-turning, *Indicus* and *Sesqui-scarpifolia*, the Persian and the Lombardy poplar and the hill cherry that insists on an autumn second blossom, though it knows that the frost will see that there comes no fruit.

The *Chikor*, which is but a Franklin, is calling down the hillside, and the pheasants of many colours, *Kalej*, *Manal*, and *Kaklas* are down in the wooded glens for those who can beat them out. On the flat roofs of the farm-houses below, the ripe corn-cobs show orange, love-lies-bleeding is crimson in the fields, and there is a quite unnecessary *heimweh* about it all, as the coolies offer you narcissi in the footway, plucked from the hillside rills.

And this time of year the call will be plainwards, the troops to their camps of exercise, the civilians to their camping tours in their districts with the smell of the camp-fires in their nostrils. All the folk who come to trade in the summer are moving too, the quality in the trains on the hairpin-looped railways and the humbler folk by road in bullock or pony-cart or atop the bubbling camels, traders and craftsmen, pimps and panders, lepers lying in the roadway forged on anvils hot with pain, but determined to see life rather than go to the asylum. In the trains above the cartway will be, also, the Indian quality, who have lately learnt from the British to appreciate the mountain coolth, rummy-looking members of Parliament with pretty, graceful wives and daughters who have abandoned the veil and are learning to dance, and whose heels you soon won't see for the dust.

* * *

But if you want to sniff romance and excitement it is to the Himalaya that border the Frontier that you must go athwart the driving road to Kashmir. Here the mountain batteries spend the summer, and whole regiments, and in October the place hums as they move to the plains. Sings the mountain gunner—

A-smoking my pipe in the mountains,
Sniffing the morning cool,
I climbs in my old brown gaiters
Along o' my old brown mule.

A Highland battalion is swinging along the road from Changla, and you can hear the pipes a-skirling, and while the troops halt for morning "coffee shop," gossip is more than rife as it has been every autumn this fifty years and more. There is trouble again in Kabul (there usually is). The Afridis are on the warpath, the Orakzais are into Miranzai, there is the devil's own trouble in Waziristan, the Commander-in-Chief has just gone up the Khyber, and so forth, and it is a very thrilling atmosphere indeed as a cold gust of wind scurries round the corner.

THE SHIWAKTE GROUP: A vivid impression of the Himalaya looking south-west from station, 16,200 ft. on Zumurrat Ridge

GASHERBRUM I: The hidden peak of Sir Martin Conway (26,470 ft.) seen from the Tatar Las—a typical vista of the stark and majestic grandeur of the Himalaya

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820 —— Still going Strong

SKATING: The first skates, they say, were made from the metacarpal bones of animals, strapped to the feet. Lingay Fen had not then been thought of.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

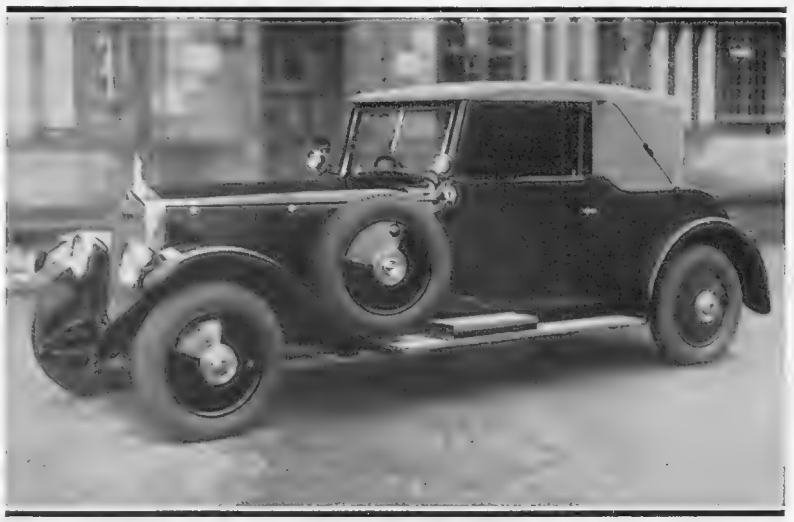
FESTIVITIES ON THE RIVIERA.—The great Monte Carlo Rally is now an event of the past. Success from the promoters' point of view was abundant, though from the competitors' aspect all did not go so well as was expected. There were more British competitors than on any other previous occasion, and although most of us can appreciate the natural desire to go south in winter time, we must not be blind to the fact that a large proportion of the British entrants would still have competed if their rendezvous had been in some remote part of the Arctic Circle.

Although I was not present at Monte Carlo I have no doubt that the whole Principality of Monaco gave the competitors an extravagantly festive time. Nobody else on earth is capable of organising festivities on such a grand and intimate scale as the people of Monte Carlo, and I am sure that thousands of people made special journeys to the town in order to see the arrival of the contestants. The increasing success of this rally makes one wonder whether the stifling of the rally idea in this country by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders was a wise move. Although the S.M.M. and T. will disclaim all responsibility for having killed it in Great Britain, their action in banning such events so far as their own members were concerned did effectively stop the growth of what appeared to be a promising infant.

So far as I can see there was a danger in these rallies transforming themselves into open-air car shows. That in itself would be nothing very terrible, but no doubt the society feared that these exhibitions of coachwork might interfere with the attendance at the annual Olympia Show. I would not for a moment suggest anything that would in my opinion reduce the number of visitors that go to Olympia each year, but I do not think that the holding of rallies in this country would have any such effect.

RALLY v. MOTOR SHOW.—The question to be decided is whether a rally, which for the sake of argument, I will call an open-air car show, at Blackpool, Bournemouth, or any other seaside place, held in the summer, could possibly reduce the number of people passing the turnstiles at Olympia in October. If these rallies did interfere with Olympia then surely we should only have one football match, one theatrical show, one tennis tournament, or one horse-race meeting every year. Surely it is more consistent with experience that similar shows held at various places at different times all help to contribute towards each other's popularity. I suggest, therefore, that the society should reconsider this matter, particularly as their attendances at Olympia are getting smaller each year, and because it is quite feasible to suppose, as I have shown, that rallies throughout the country would arouse such an enthusiasm amongst those who attend them that when the annual Motor Show takes place at Olympia in October thousands of people who would never go otherwise would come up to London to see the very latest chassis and coachwork.

Whilst writing on the question of the Monte Carlo Rally I would like to offer congratulations to Mr. Healey, who in taking seventh place with his Triumph proved to be the most successful British competitor. He drove his car from Tallinn, a town which was once known as Reval. Mr. Healey, in common with many other competitors, met with many unforeseen difficulties. In addition to his participation in the Monte Carlo Rally he entered for a similar event at Riga, starting his drive from Birmingham. In this latter event he finished fourth, and made the best performance of any British car.



Touring in the Lap of Luxury: An attractive Double Touring coupé built by the Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., and mounted on a Lanchester Straight-Eight chassis. The design of the body allows ample seating accommodation for five persons, including the driver

A RACE ACROSS FRANCE.—In this country motorists who start out to break the record from one town to another are not regarded with favour by the populace. So long as the law of the land endeavours to keep us down to twenty miles an hour such attempts will always be futile, but it is entirely a different matter when fast road work is indulged in abroad. I was therefore very interested, in common with other motorists, to read of the exciting duel which recently took place between a Rover Light Six and the famous Blue Train from the Riviera to Calais. Those who have not travelled abroad are rather apt to imagine that the performance of the driver of the Rover was nothing much out of the ordinary, because the popular idea is that in France roads are dead straight, with no hedges to obscure the views at cross roads, and if a car is capable of ninety miles an hour, the driver can carry on at that speed during the journey to the English Channel. As a matter of fact the driver of the Rover had to negotiate fifty-seven level crossings, and of these twelve were actually closed at the moment he wished to get through. Again, to add to the difficulties of his task, the first thirteen hours of the run were covered in

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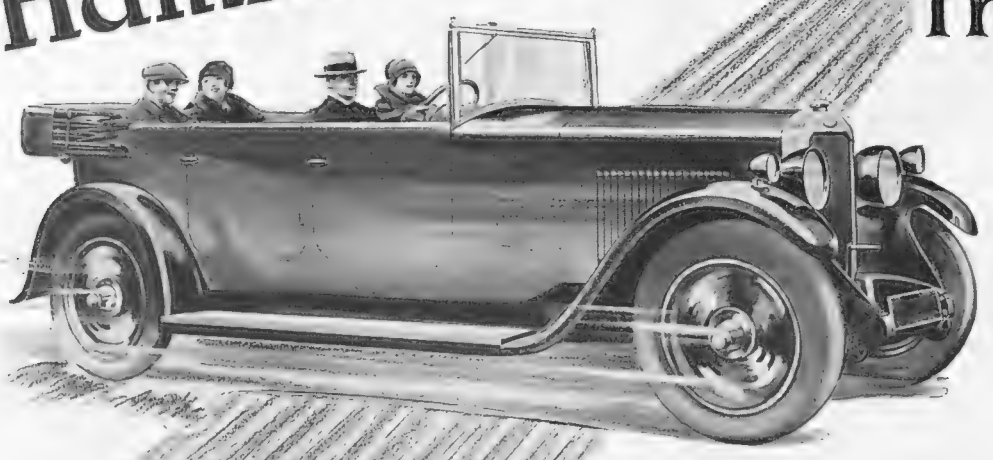
This Marvellous Humber Value



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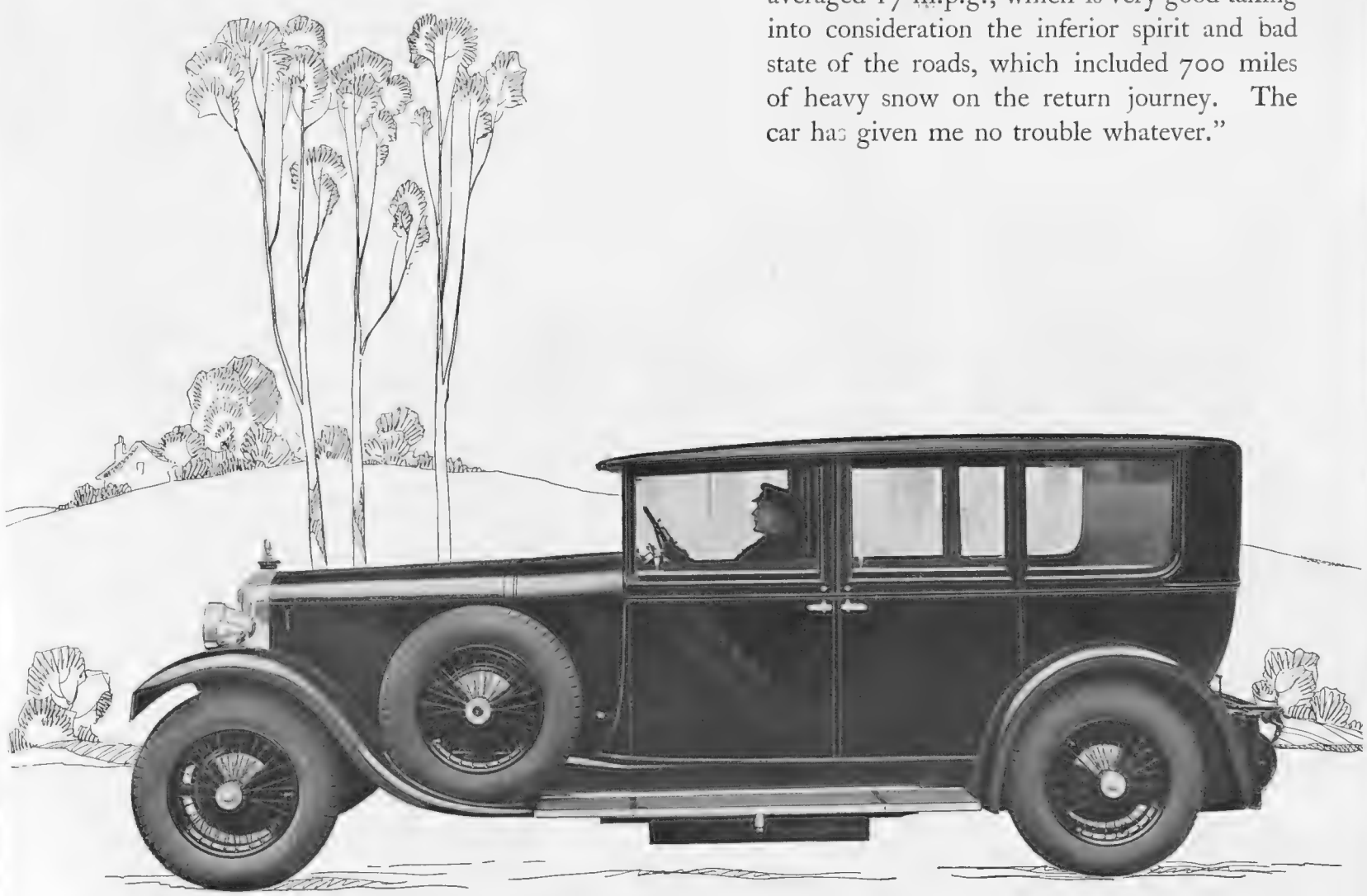
The origin of the "Thirty-five" itself was the famous Daimler "Standard Thirty," introduced in 1914, since which date a car of this type and size has always occupied a prominent position in the Daimler range.

The following is a typical report from an owner :

"The 35 h.p. Daimler Landaulette has now completed 20,000 miles, including a ten weeks' tour of France over some very severe roads and the French Alps, through which it was never necessary to drop below third gear. The petrol consumption of the French tour averaged 17 m.p.g., which is very good taking into consideration the inferior spirit and bad state of the roads, which included 700 miles of heavy snow on the return journey. The car has given me no trouble whatever."



Hooper Enclosed Landaulette on Daimler 35 h.p. Chassis.

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The Petrol World

(Continued from preceding page)

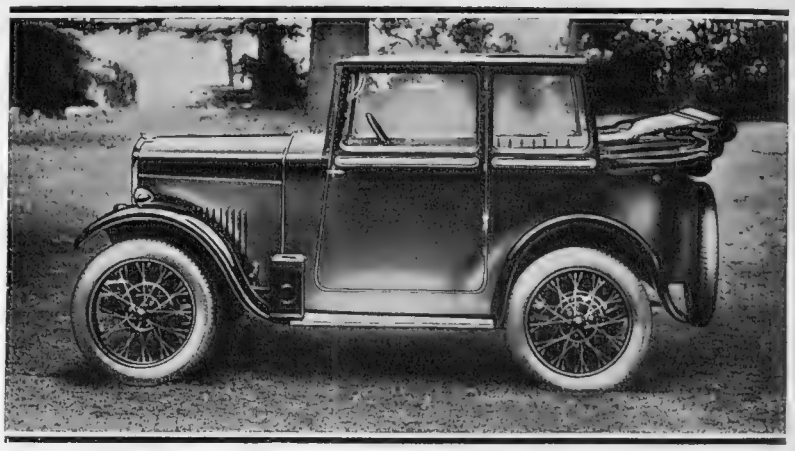
darkness, and for hundreds of miles heavy patches of fog lay on the roads. The occupants of the Rover set themselves a definite schedule which differed slightly from that of the train because the railroad keeps to the flat country of the South of France, whilst the road traverses the mountains. At Lyon the motorists found themselves twenty-seven miles behind their schedule, but the hours of daylight thereafter enabled them to make up time before they reached Paris.

Handicapped first by the bad roads on the outskirts of the capital, the car again dropped back, but once the Route Nationale was reached at Beauvais mile after mile was covered at between 60–80 m.p.h. Boulogne was reached fifty minutes before the express was due to Calais; actually the last twenty miles were covered in half an hour, and the blue saloon motor-car had beaten the Blue Train by about twenty minutes.

"Veni, Vidi, Vici": The actual Light Six Rover which beat the Blue Train from the Riviera to Calais by twenty minutes. At Lyon the motorists were twenty-seven miles behind the famous express

Like many other things in life, there was an anti-climax. On his journey back from Dover to Coventry the driver was stopped by a policeman for travelling at a speed of 25 m.p.h. All argument on the part of the driver in the discussion which ensued was wasted when the man in blue remarked, "Well, you have been going fast, anyway. Look at the state of your car!"

THE SUPER-SEVEN. — Last year I purchased a Triumph Super-Seven which I had fitted with a Tickford Sunshine saloon body. It was certainly a success, and the combination of this excellent chassis with the coach-work of one of the old-established firms created quite an embarrassing amount of interest whenever I parked the car.



Britain's Super-Baby: The latest model Triumph Super-Seven fitted with a Tickford saloon body which can be converted from a closed to an open car or *vice versa* in ten seconds

During a recent week-end I had the pleasure of trying a 1930 model of the Triumph Super-Seven and as a result of driving it over a hundred miles I have no hesitation in saying that the improvements effected are quite unbelievable unless they are noted by actual experience. The car is now definitely in keeping with its title, Super-Seven. It is the only one in its class that has a three-bearing crankshaft, and with this latest example this refinement is very apparent. The engine will turn round at colossal speeds, and throughout its entire range of revolutions it is as smooth-running as a well-made dynamo; there is no thump or thud at any time, and it seems to me that, with such a well-balanced and smooth-running unit, wear must be reduced to a minimum. Again, the engine is surprisingly powerful. Motorists around London will know Putney Hill fairly well and they will, therefore, appreciate the capabilities of the car when I tell them that on two occasions, without any rushing, I sailed up the gradient at 32 m.p.h. on top gear.

STEERING, BRAKES, AND SUSPENSION. —Steering was pleasant, direct, and easy to control. The brakes were up to the average for a British car, at least those operated by the pedal, which are worked on the hydraulic principle. The hand-brake is only intended for parking purposes, and it is this feature alone which prompts me to make any adverse criticism. A transmission brake such as this is now somewhat out-of-date, and I suggest that the Triumph Motor Company will be well advised to modify the design when the opportunity occurs. The pedal-brake, however, is so efficient that even not counting the hand-brake the retarding capabilities of the car are probably better than those of many of its competitors.

The suspension is certainly not surpassed by any other car in the so-called Baby class; even over bad roads the car is comfortable. The accommodation provided allows four people to ride in it without undue cramping, but I think an improvement in the particular model I tested would be to lower the front seats so as to give just a little more head-room.

Popular as the Triumph has been in the past, I feel certain that this new addition, which is quite different and so much better than previous models, will very soon make the demand so great that supplies will be far behind unless the manufacturers take immediate steps to increase their production.

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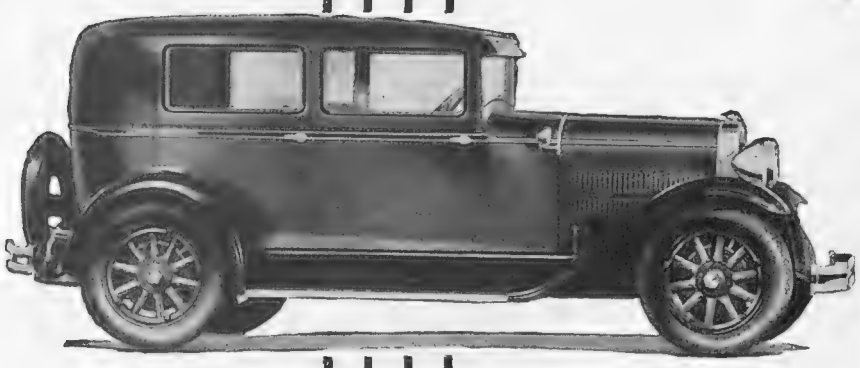

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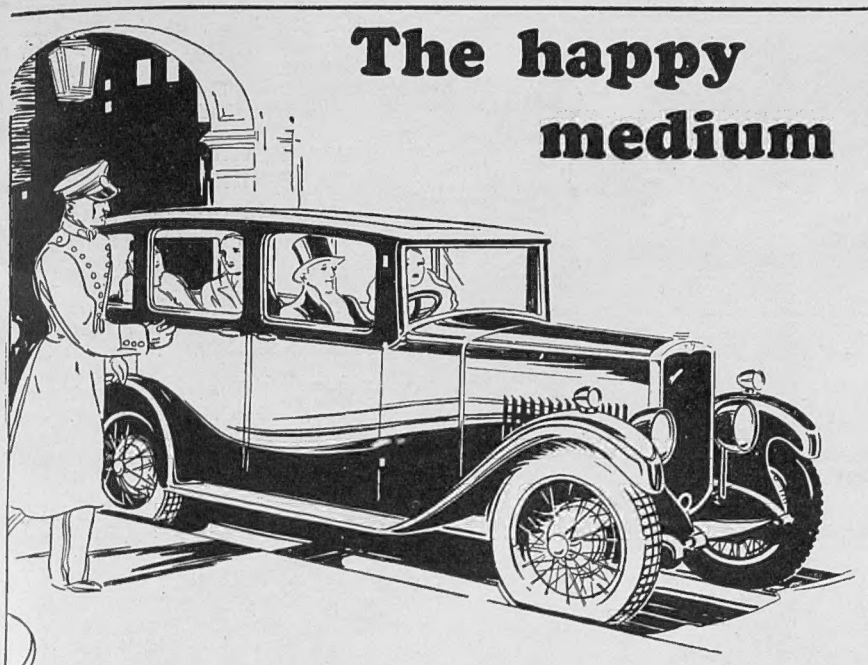

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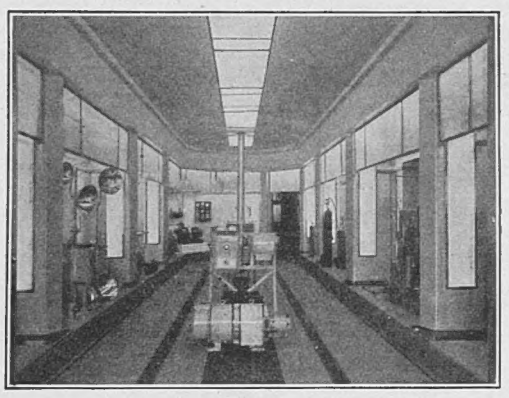

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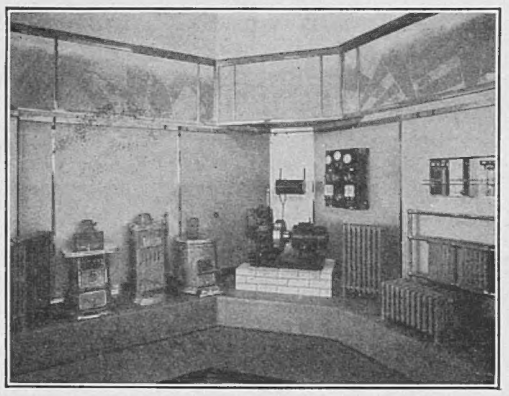

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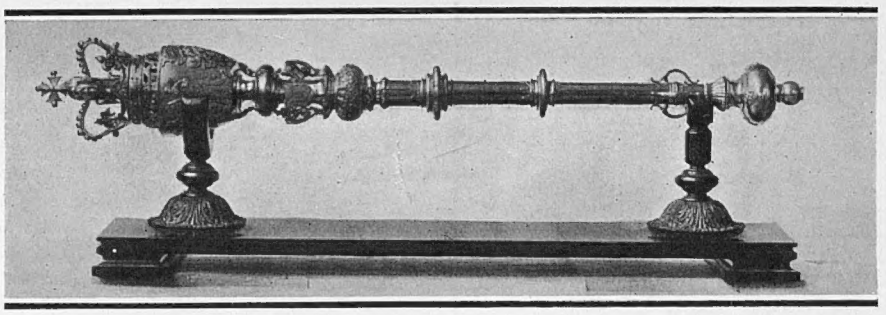
There is now available to the public the "His Master's Voice" gramophone record of the historic speech made by the King in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords at the opening of the Five-Power Naval Conference. This supreme achievement of the Gramophone Company was made possible by the use of their unique recording van, an assemblage of electrical appliances which, for the occasion, was placed in the Royal Court and connected by wire with the microphone used by His Majesty. Thus was the King's voice recorded upon wax surfaces, and these were sent with the utmost expedition to the Gramophone Company's factory at Hayes, Middlesex, where, within the unexampled time of three hours, the sound-waves on the wax were transformed into metal matrices from which records were pressed and taken to St. James's Palace for the approval of the King's specially appointed representative. Although this was the first endeavour to record in the House of Lords the result was so perfect that immediate permission was given to have the gramophone reproduction broadcast to the world the same evening, and the effect was exactly as though the Royal orator were speaking in person. The next day His Majesty heard his remarks reproduced at Sandringham and sanctioned "His Master's Voice" to issue records to the public. For this unique record a special decorative label in royal purple, gold, and scarlet has been prepared with the Royal Arms of the King at the top. This record, R.B. 3290, will sell at 3s. and, at the suggestion of His Majesty, the proceeds are to be devoted to the "Wireless for the Blind" Fund.



FOR THE NOVA SCOTIA HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY: The sterling silver fire-gilt mace, 4 ft. 3½ in. in length, weighing 186 oz., designed and manufactured by the famous Regent Street house of Elkington

FOR THE NOVA SCOTIA HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY

The head of this magnificent mace bears the arms of Nova Scotia on the front panel, on the reverse a representation of the ancient seal of Nova Scotia, and on the side panels figures of St. Andrew and of the Scottish crown, all executed in repoussé work. On the stem of the mace, immediately underneath the head, four lions rampant are shown holding a shield bearing St. Andrew's Cross beneath a smaller shield charged with the Scottish lion. The native flower, the trailing arbutus, and the thistle are shown forming a pattern in repoussé perforated between the forms, while other decorative features are based on the arbutus, the thistle, and other appropriate Celtic work. The head is surmounted with the Imperial Crown on a band of strapwork similar in style to the decoration of a panel on the mansion at Stirling, dated 1632. The mace measures 4 ft. 3½ in. in length, and weighs 186 oz., and was designed and manufactured throughout by Elkington and Co., Ltd.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS EXHIBITION

The idea of an Exhibition devoted to Health and Happiness reflected a need and embodies a great material aim. Industry and individual, two inseparable factors, welcome the suggestion and national health and efficiency will reap a great harvest. The potentialities of the Exhibition are immense and every phase of national life and well-being are to be catered for. Industrial welfare and personal hygiene, physical culture and sports, with all the allurements of a holidays and travel section, domestic hygiene, and the most suitable in clothing and footwear, not forgetting the enormous values of the best in foodstuffs and beverages. Olympia from July 16–26, 1930, will be transformed into a gigantic "Temple of Health," resplendent in vigour and vitality, the genesis of a great national campaign, constructive in character for a higher standard of health and happiness. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has graciously consented to become the patron of the Exhibition. There will be staged contests thrilling as those in the ancient Athenian arena.

The organisation of the Exhibition has been undertaken by *The Daily Chronicle*, an idea which has captured the imagination and secured the interest of the Prime Minister, the Ministers for War, Air, and Health, and the First Lord of the Admiralty who, with the Marquis of Reading, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Derby, Lord Woolavington, and Lord Dewar, with Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George are to be found amongst the Vice-Presidents. The co-operation of the British Charities Association has been obtained, and the support of the Medical Profession officially given through the medium of the President of the Royal College of Surgeons. Any profits accruing will be distributed among the voluntary hospitals by the British Charities Association. It is an Exhibition for all, for the interest of every class, both the sexes from childhood to old age. Its appeal is universal and the response is enormous.

THE NATIONAL BANK

Mr. J. B. Meers, chairman of the National Bank, said at the annual general meeting that the year 1929 would go down in the history of the financial world as an extremely difficult one. It might be said to have begun in a promising manner, but as it went on it certainly did not uphold its promise, and perhaps the best way to criticise it was to say we are thankful, from a business point of view, that it is finished and done with.

The new year certainly opened with a brighter outlook, coupled with a welcome return of confidence. The practical steps being taken to solve our many problems showed commendable determination, but he would venture to say, from a banking standpoint, that in view of previous experience, well-established economic laws must not be lost sight of. The paid-up capital still stood at £1,500,000, while the reserve fund was £1,455,000—only a few thousands less than the paid-up capital. Deposits, etc., were lower by £83,000, a comparatively small figure, which called for no comment. The item acceptances to bankers' drafts, etc., showed a reduction of £22,000. The net profits at £126,000 for the half-year were less. The main explanation lay in the fact that the National Bank did not benefit by a high Bank Rate. The cessation of its note issue in the Irish Free State had also to be taken into consideration.

Cash on hand showed an increase of £672,000, and "money at call" was less by £1,679,000. This latter reduction was due principally to a contraction of business on the Stock Exchange and a consequent falling off in monetary requirements. Taking the next three items together, there was a reduction in our investments of some £575,000. This was reflected in our general advances, which showed an increase of £700,000. "Bills discounted" were slightly more by £18,000. "Bank premises" were up by £18,000.

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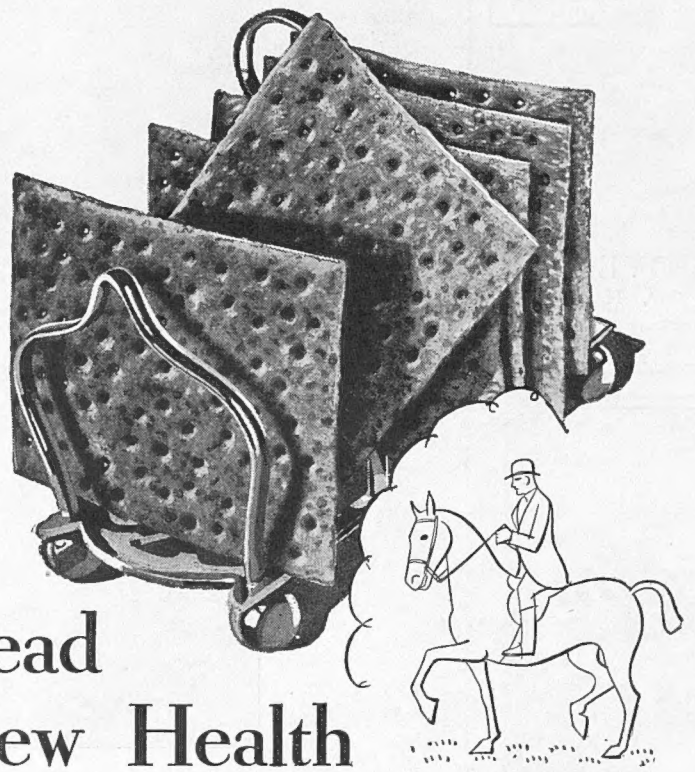
We have just learned that a Newport Market Army Bands School boy, not yet sixteen, has recently obtained his First Class Army Certificate. This is a great achievement for one so young, and reflects great credit on the training given at that school, which is one of the branches belonging to this Society. Subscriptions are much needed, and should be sent to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



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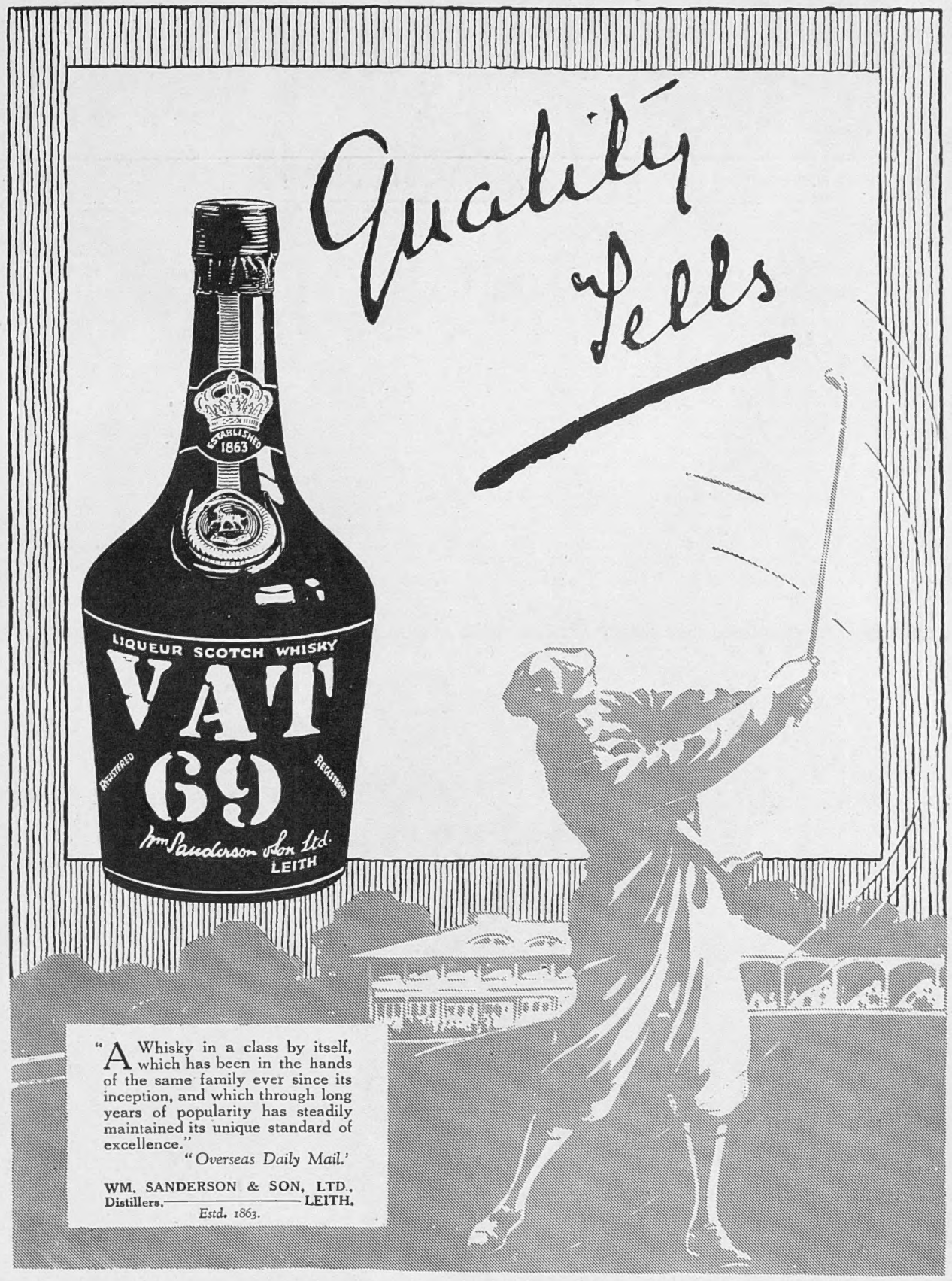

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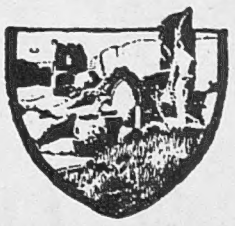

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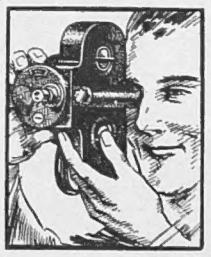

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